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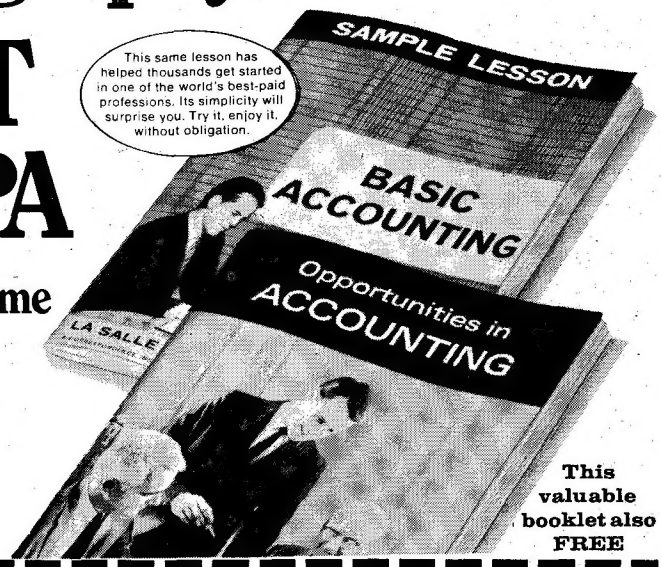

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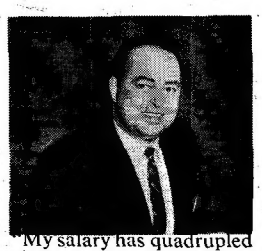

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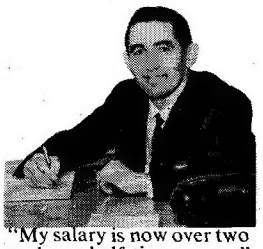

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ZANE GREY'S GREAT CENTENNIAL YEAR

THIS ISSUE MARKS the last of the commemorative issues of *Zane Grey Western Magazine.*

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They ride the dusty trails of the Old West when it was untamed and young in the pages of our magazine, named in honor of the greatest western writer of them all.

And next issue's new lead short novel will feature Arizona Ames, the utterly fearless Arizona Ranger who has captured the affection of our readers.

And once again, the incomparable Maurice Kildare will bring you another exciting true-fact article about authentic long-buried treasure—treasure that is still waiting for the lucky man who will find it.

We have pledged to bring you the best in fact and fiction celebrating the Old West which was and is no more. We will continue to do just this in the pages of this magazine.

LEO MARGULIES,
Publisher

47411-K JANUARY, 1973 Vol. 5, No. 3

ZANE GREY WESTERN MAGAZINE

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TRUE WESTERN FACT ARTICLES

MARYSVALE'S LOST GOLD ..... Maurice Kildare 4

RIDER OF THE BIG PAW ..... Frank Warner 10

THE APACHE WHO RAVAGED THE WEST ..... Gladwell Richardson 14

THE GREATEST WESTERN THIEF ..... Frank D. McSherry, Jr. 22

ZANE GREY AND THE GREAT OUTDOORS ..... G.M. Farley 26

GOLD IN CALIFORNIA ..... Ed Earl Repp 50

NEW THRILL-PACKED FICTION

THE PHANTOM TRAIN ROBBERS ..... Jeffrey M. Wallmann 18

BRAND OF THE LAWLESS ..... Tom Curry 29

THE TWO DEATHS OF BILLY THE KID ..... James Hines 55

THE CHASE ..... R.C. Burkholder 63

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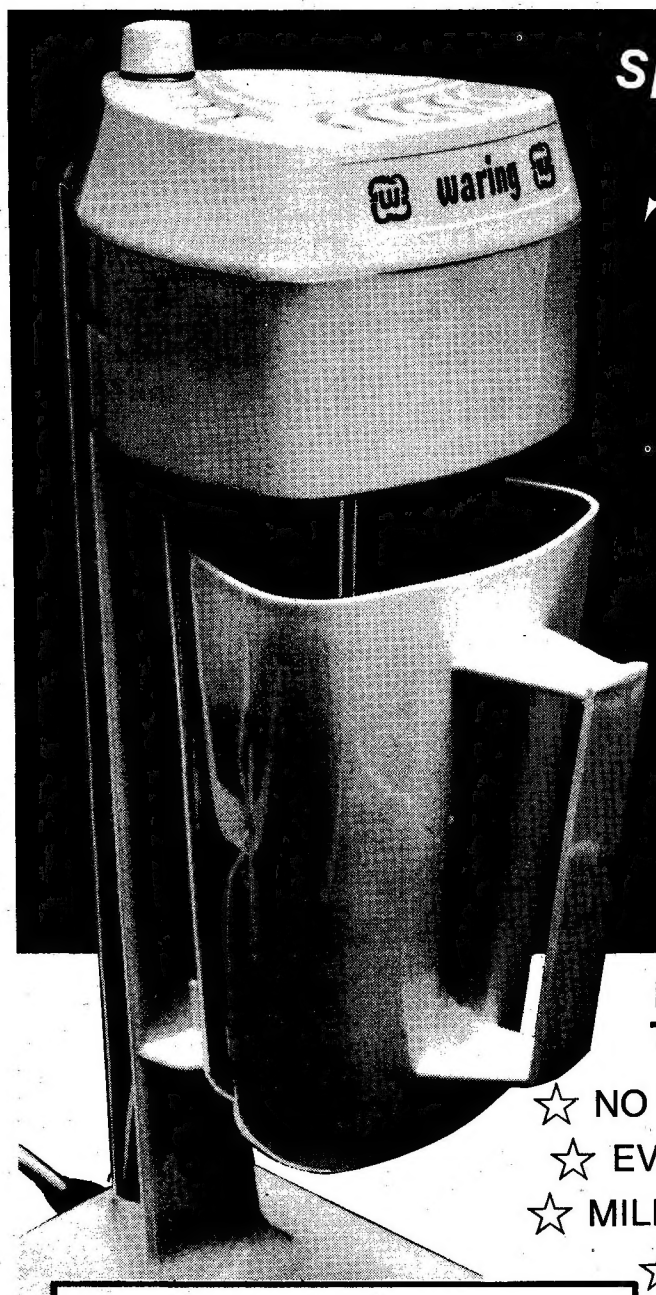

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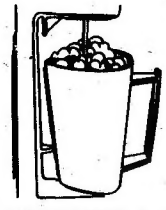

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MARYSVALE'S LOST GOLD

Somewhere, buried within a lonely cliff-side, a golden fortune waits. Six men have died searching for it. Will you be the lucky one to find it?

by MAURICE KILDARE

A typical prospector—like Molena Karcoff—invariably traveled with two jackasses. Wanderers of the great wastelands made the discoveries where producing mines later came into existence.

Saloons like this mushroomed around Marysvale during its gold producing days.

GOLD WAS discovered near Marysvale about the same time the village was established in 1864. Then Indian outbreaks, the Walkara War and the Black Hawk War caused most of the southern Utah settlements to be abandoned. The colonists gathered in forts at central locations for self-preservation.

No real development of gold placers on the creeks emptying into the Seiver River followed for some time.

Before this happened Joshua W. Sylvester, Adam Judd, Robert Adams, Claus Christensen and two other young men from Gunnison, none over twenty years of age, decided to go to Marysvale to try their hand at prospecting.

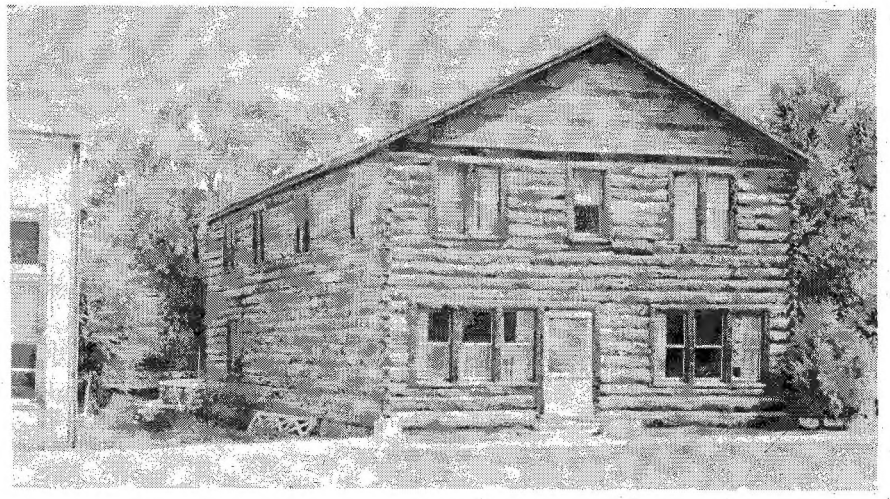
The six young men camped on Durkee Creek on the east side of Seiver River. After they began panning some gold was found but not in paying quantity. According to Sylvester's statements made after the close of the Indian wars, they decided to try to trace the gold back to the mother lode.

The men knew very little about prospecting but as luck would have it they struck a bed of gravel at the base of a low bluff that produced large nuggets of the yellow metal. Many were recovered that weighed as much as three troy ounces.

They were busy getting out placer gold when a mounted messenger reached what remained of Marysvale with orders for all able bodied men to return to their respective homes to fight off the far-ranging, murdering warriors of the then dead Chief Black Hawk. Gunnison and Richfield were especially in danger.

Very much concerned, the young men departed immediately via what was then known as Scipio. Enroute they found a murdered man and his body mutilated by Indians, the team of horses taken and wagon load of supplies burned.

Sylvester joined a local militia company in the defense of southern Utah against the Indians and was involved in one way or another for over a year. It was late in 1870 before any of the men had a chance to even consider working the Durkee Creek placer again. However, only Sylvester and Adam Judd were able to return there. To their astonishment they could not relocate the site where the gold nuggets were



One of the oldest buildings left in Marysvale, the once great mining town.

PHOTOS COURTESY OF AUTHOR

found two years before, not even their old camp site.

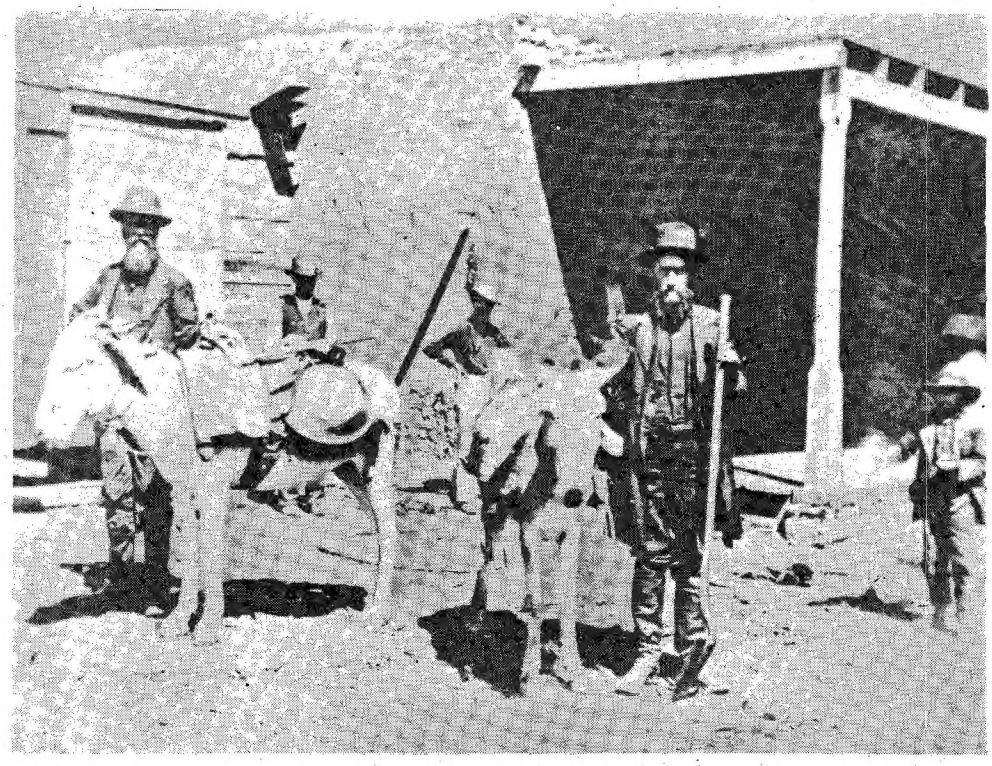
Before their placer discovery gold, silver, potash and metallic aluminum had been found west of Marysvale. After the Indian wars subsided mines were established, some of which are today still operating. These mines produced millions in gold, silver, potash and aluminum, and the minerals amounted to ten percent of the national production.

Sylvester and Adams picked up considerable silver ore in their last trip to Marysvale but were uninterested in the white metal. As Sylvester stated in after years, all of the young men from Gunnison and Richfield could have become wealthy by staking claims anywhere on the creeks and in the canyons west of Marysvale before miners did so. The Indian outbreaks had literally cost them all a fortune.

To Sylvester the lost gold would have represented cattle, horses, sheep, irrigation ditches, farming machinery and a dozen other benefits, for the financially hard-pressed Utah colonists.

Sylvester afterwards went alone to Marysvale and up the creek, searching almost every yard of the south side. Picking up not one color, he sat in a lonely camp very much mystified.

Thinking that perhaps he had gone on to the wrong creek, yet knowing that an impossibility, he tried Pine Creek, which flows through Marysvale out of Bullion Canyon into the Seiver, and found absolutely nothing.



The men who made the discoveries that produced the great mines of Marysvale.

He stubbornly believed a low bluff on the south side of Durkee Creek was the site where he and his companions found the placer gold in 1868. Repairing there he tried again, digging ten feet into the cliff. Still nothing showed up.

Since he could not remain away from home any longer, he returned to take care of his crops and family. Sylvester never went back to prospect again.

He was bishop of the church at Elsinore when Molena Karcoff, an itinerant prospector from California's Mother Lode country camped near his farm in the spring of 1888. The two men became well acquainted and one night at Karcoff's campfire Sylvester in a moody spell told him about finding the lost placer gold on Durkee Creek.

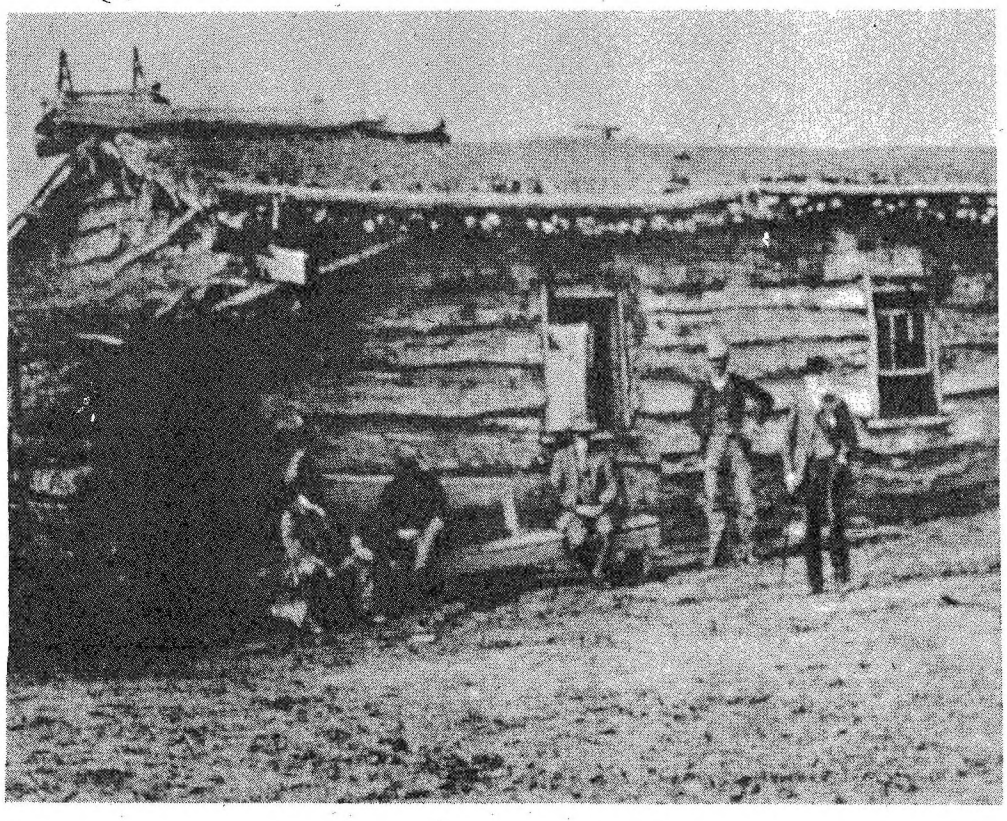
The grizzled Karcoff said, "Look, since you know where this placer is, why don't you take a little time off and go work some of it out?"

Karcoff was given so many excuses by Sylvester that the old prospector unspokenly decided he was being given a very wild story. This conclusion was a mistake as he later found.

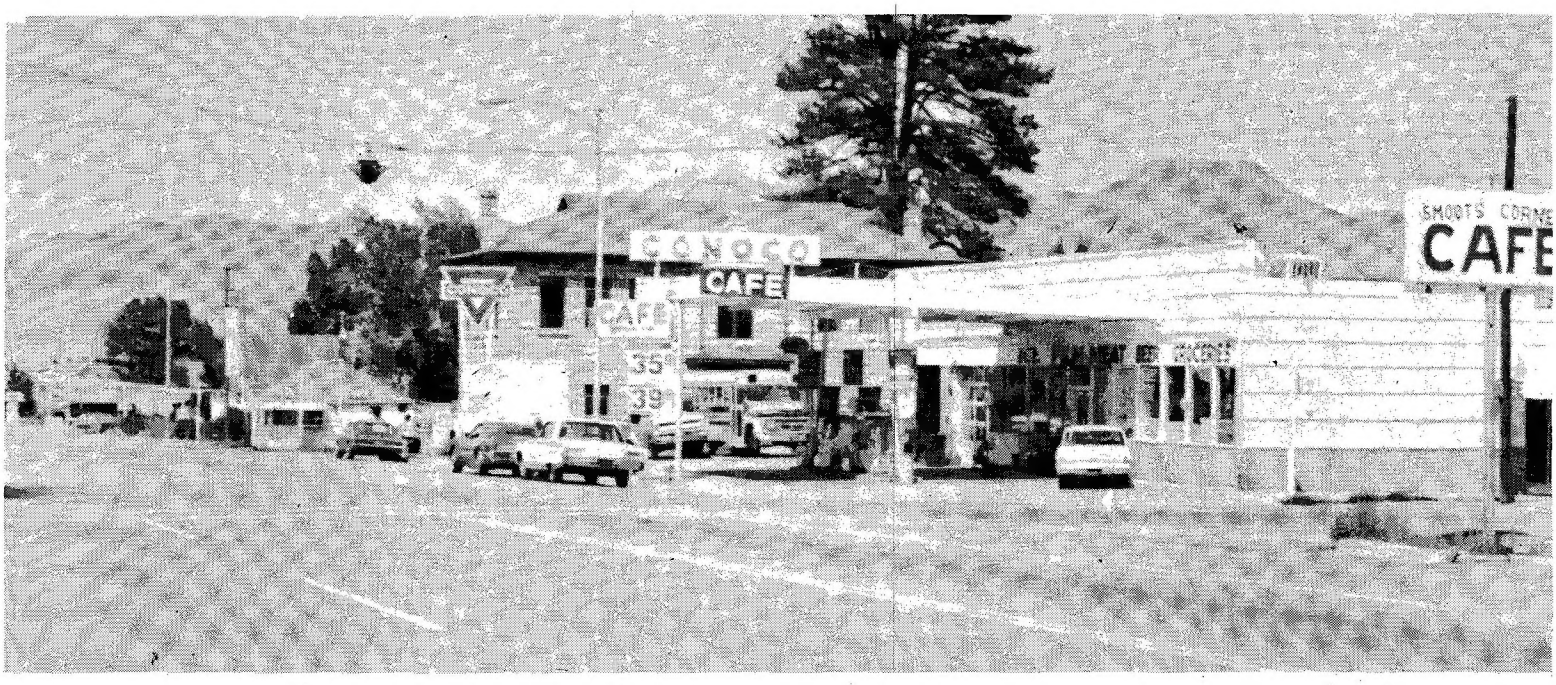
When he was about ready to move on Karcoff said, "All right, if through your information I can relocate this placer gold, you have a fourth share. If that is agreeable I may go there alone and have a look around."

"Under the circumstances it is a good deal for me," Sylvester replied. "I have too much work here to go with you. It is bound to be hard to find and you will have to be extremely lucky. In addition, that is a booming mining district now and you may have some difficulty with a lot of people."

Going to Marysvale, Karcoff crossed the Seiver, checked landmarks and went up Durkee Creek. Reaching the bluff, a low one, he made camp.



An old photo of early Southern Utah settlers, around 1868.



All but a ghost town today, Marysvale's main street is U.S. Highway 89, with a few cafes, service stations and three motels.

The next day he dug into the talus reaching from the base of the bluff into the creek and found not a single color. Being an old prospector who had made a number of strikes this did not confuse him. Spring freshets could have washed spill down from above, covering the surface for maybe two to three feet in depth.

Therefore Karcoff started trenching into the cliff base composed of gravel and dirt that looked as if it had not been eroded in recent years. The first pan washing produced two small corn grain size nuggets.

Quitting pan washing, he cut down a small tree and axed out enough short slabs to construct a hand washer fitted together with wooden pins.

When put to use he poured material from the bluff by cutting into it and ran in creek water. The first cleanup produced gold to an estimated amount of eight hundred dollars.

This meant it could be a valuable placer so he went to work right diligently. At the end of two months he had recovered with a very simple rocker at least fifty thousand dollars worth of gold.

Out of grub and having insufficient cash money, he took a small pouch of dust into Marysvale to purchase supplies. This was a sad mistake.

Marysvale was a booming town. The small place was overrun with tough miners, and along with them was sprinkled the usual worthless hardcases.

At the general store the owner weighed out some of Karcoff's gold at twelve dollars a troy ounce when it was then selling from eighteen to twenty dollars all over the west.

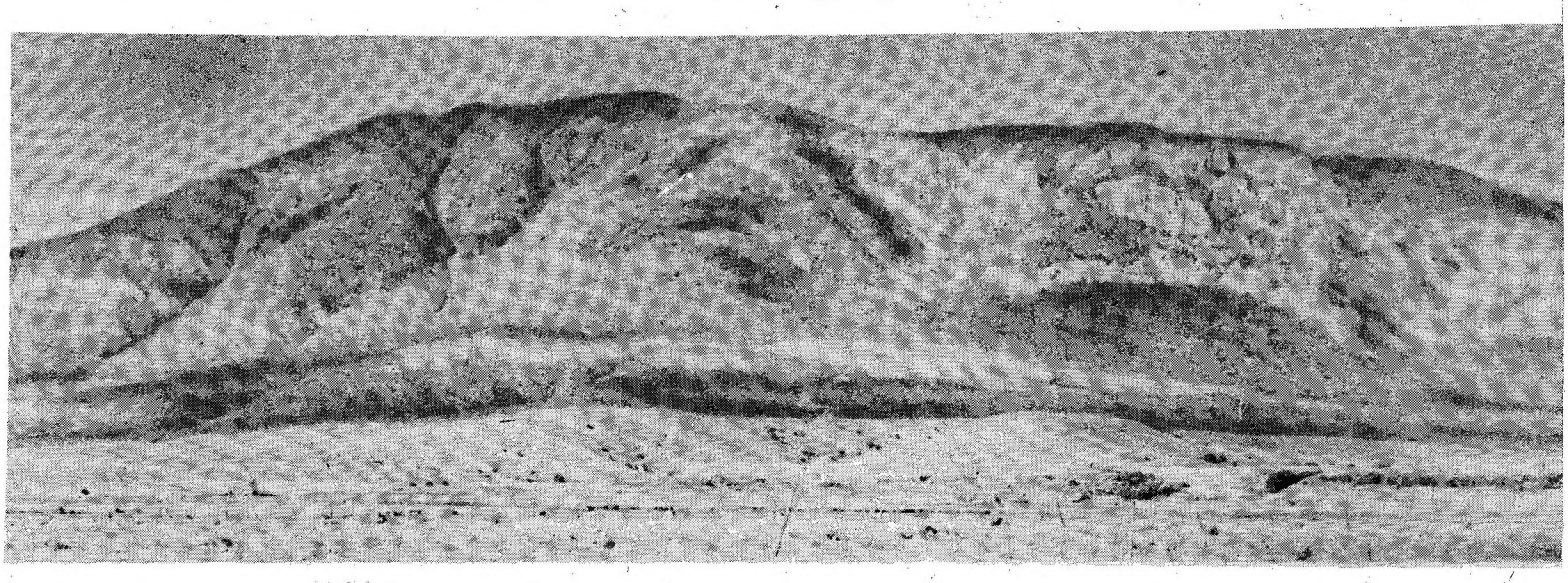
Karcoff was outrageously robbed in purchasing grub and supplies. He was charged ten dollars for a fifty pound sack of flour, a slab of bacon at one dollar per pound and 25 cents per pound for the locally produced bacon.

After paying for his supplies because he absolutely had to have them, Karcoff packed the stuff on his two burros and returned inside the store. While he was packing a dozen roughly dressed men had collected inside.

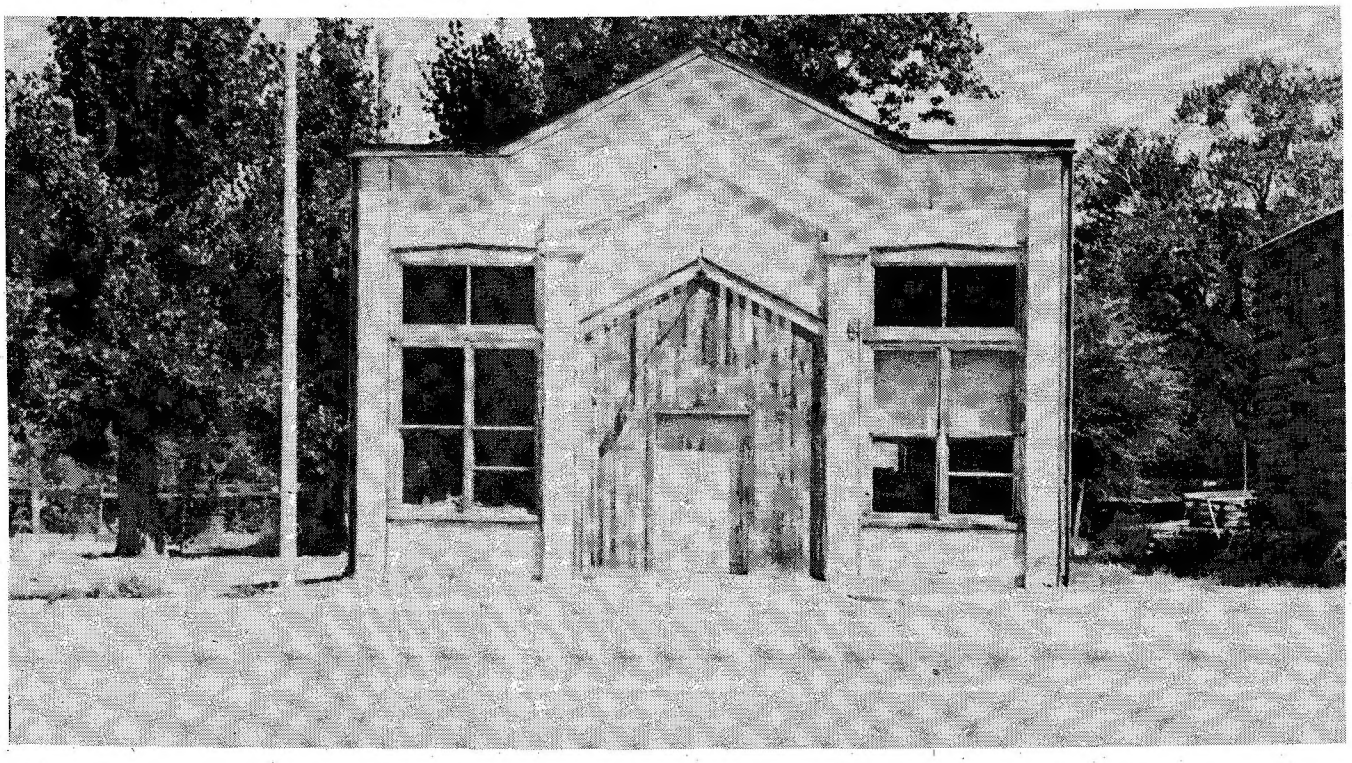
Karcoff said to the fat, stupid storekeeper, "You robbed me all the way, and you will come to no good end for being a thief!"

"Why, you son of a bitch!" the storekeeper squalled. "You're lucky that I let you have anything. I can get along without your trade so don't bother coming back here again."

He turned to leave but was confronted by three of the hardcases.



Molena Karcoff fled into these mountains near Marysvale from the hardcases who wanted to jump his claim.



Abandoned and shuttered, it was once a saloon, then a post office, and finally a grocery store in Marysvale.

One said, "What's your hurry? Where did you get all that dust?"

Sensing trouble and hoping he wouldn't have to draw his sixgun and shoot, Karcoff moved beyond arms reach.

"If it happens to be any of your business, which it ain't," he said, "I brought it here with me from California."

"We think you're lying. If you made a strike somewhere on a creek we're entitled to be let in on it. That's all we want. Come clean!"

"If there's any color in these parts east of the river, I sure haven't found any," he lied. "All the valuable minerals must be on the west side where the good ground has been grabbed off."

"If you ain't hit something, how come you're buying a heap of grub?"

"I'm heading east into Colorado to try my luck there."

While the crowd considered that statement Karcoff moved sideways around those nearest and strode from the store. But he knew the confrontation was no joking matter. That bunch was most likely going to track him out of town far enough to make certain he was leaving that part of the country.

Accordingly he went to the Seiver and then downstream in a leisurely manner. That night he camped six miles from Marysvale and detected nothing of anyone following.

The next day he continued on along the river to a regular ford and crossing there, went east into the mountain foothills. Believing his sign lost to trackers, he forded two small streams and then returned to Durkee Creek.

While continuing to work he also assumed special precautions against a surprise attack. As before, he recovered large amounts of nuggets and fine gold with each washing. All this time he had not dug a dozen feet into the bluff. The size of it and the richness of the ground meant that unless the alluvial soil ended against a rock wall barrier there still remained a very sizeable fortune to get out.

One night after hitting the soogans he heard the burros cough. Sliding quickly to one side, rifle in hand, he scrambled out of camp on all fours. For a long hour he waited in hiding for someone to appear. When this did not happen he took his sleeping gear farther away.

After the following days cleanup he took the recently recovered gold to edge of the creek and buried it.

That same afternoon five armed riders, none of whom he recognized as having been in the store, rode in along the creek.

Over in the rocks, head and shoulders and rifle placed ready to grab, he waited while the bunch looked him over at length.

Finally one of them snapped, "Wasn't you told to quit these parts and didn't you claim to be heading for Colorado?"

Karcoff replied, "I am a citizen of the United States. I have the right to prospect in here. Nobody told me to leave. I stay right here until I get ready to go elsewhere."

"You're being told to skedaddle right now. Pack up and get gone or you'll inherit a hole in the ground!"

Picking up the rifle, Karcoff said, "Let's you-all get gone, and pronto!"

One of the group chuckled amusedly, "You'd tackle us? You couldn't possibly whip us in a shootout."

"I'll get some of you before you down me," Karcoff retorted. "I'm aiming to dig some more here even if there's nothing so far."

"No gold? I think you're lying."

"Think what you please. You been invited to clear out. Do so."

The foremost one drawled, "Well, I reckon you ain't worth shooting for your hide. Must be worthless. But you been told to leave the country and you'd better mind that warning."

The riders reined around and departed. Karcoff entertained no illusions. The hardcases were out to get him and would jump his placer. The old Marysvale settlers must have told them about Sylvester's find in 1868. They suspected he had found it or soon would.

After three weeks of waiting Karcoff decided to go into Marysvale. His grub and soogans were packed on one burro to take along. The other was taken deep into the timber and hobbled out.

In Marysvale he loafed around the section of saloons, dancehalls and gambling joints patronized by miners. A few were in town but none of the hardcases he had seen before seemed to be present. All the talk was of the mines west and a couple of new discoveries in the mountains. There were no indications of ill-will towards him, if anyone recalled his presence in town before.

(Continued on Page 58)

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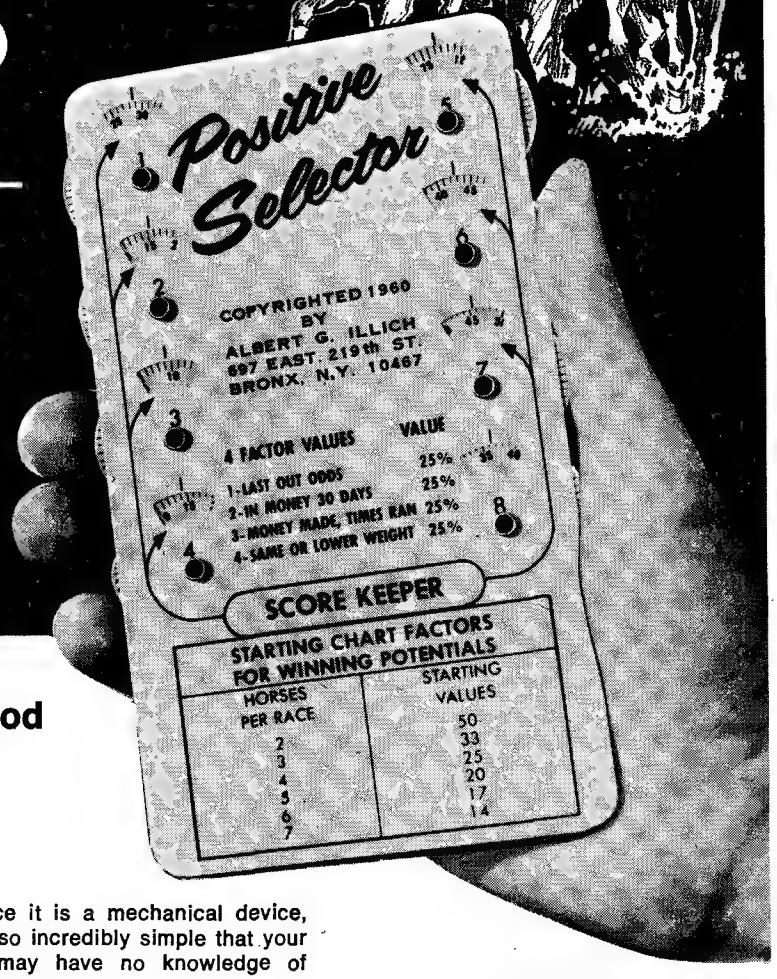

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50 Years in the

The old West will never quite die--not while there are men tall in the saddle like Heine Maney to ride the river with.

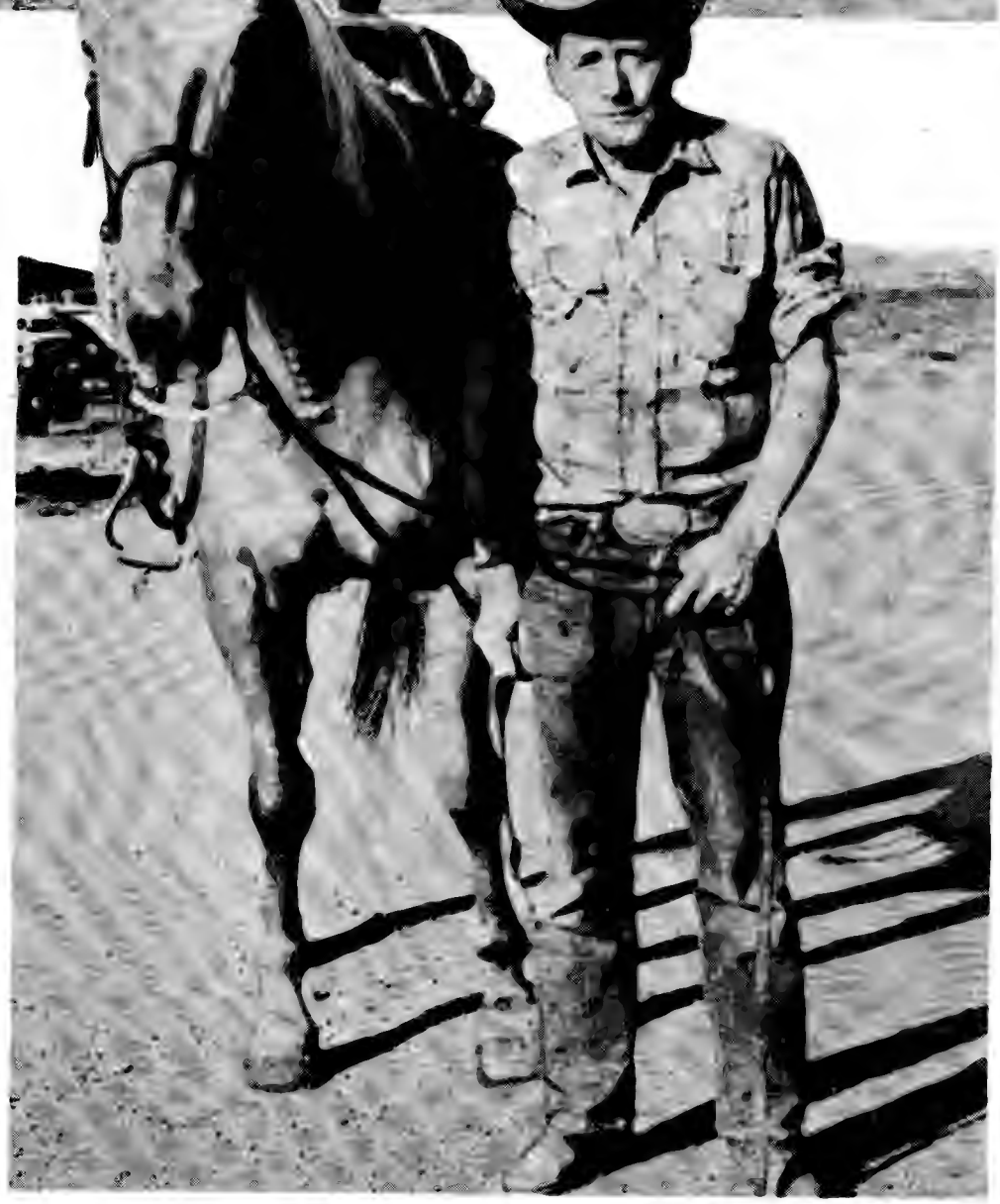
RIDER OF THE BIG PAW TRAIL

by FRANK WARNER

Chuck wagon meal at a range roundup camp.

Life of a Cowboy

Cattle branding on the open range.



Henry (Heine) Maney, cowboy extraordinary.

THERE WAS no storm that night, no lightning flashes or anything else unusual. But the herd of 2,800 steers suddenly leaped up as one and stampeded.

In thirty seconds the thunder of split hooves became a roar and even the ground shook. The night guards took after the point but accomplished little until cowboys from camp reached them, some only half dressed. Pressing against sides of the wildly running steers, in about an hour they had them circling and slowed down.

During the forepart of this mad race with death horses were knocked down and riders spilled from saddles. Fortunately none was fatally injured. By daylight the herd was stringing back to bedground and later that day trailed on to Harlem, Montana for shipping to market.

In the middle of this stampede of Miller brothers steers from the rugged Bear Paw Mountains was a young cowboy, Henry "Heine" Maney. It was his first cattle stampede and initial brush with death as a cowboy.

This happened in 1922, and not in the long gone days of the old west. Even then, stampedes, rustlers and wild animals and climatic conditions still plagued the business of raising cattle.

Sometimes people imagine that the only real cowboys were those before the

PHOTOS COURTESY OF AUTHOR

turn of the century. Nothing could be farther from the truth. Heine Maney is a fine example of an all around cowboy in any western state.

His father was a cattleman at Sheff, where he was born in 1905. Before reaching twelve years of age he aspired to be a cowboy, in particular a bronc stomper.

Heine, so named by William Burknap, his father's partner, who was a collossal, unkempt man, decided to bust out a small pony in the barn lot when no one else was around. This was a mistake for he was tossed into the fence, but not quite over it, as some detractors jokingly claimed.

Two days later Horace Morrison, riding the horse on the Dane stacker putting up winter hay for his father on contract, quit cold. Heine's father came home and said, "Boy, let's go. You think you're a rider, so let's see if you can ride the stacker horse."

He took Heine to the hayfield in a one-horse buggy.

The Dane stacker was used by the Danes, hence the name, long before it reached the American colonies and eventually the far west. It consisted of a number of long, thin poles elevated at an angle in a frame, over the stack ground. On a long rope and working in grooves was a cradle which lifted a load of hay to the stack and then tripped, being tromped down by men or boys. The motive power was attached to a horse that pulled this cradle to the peak.

After four days of heat and itching sweat from wild grass beards, Heine quit and hiked fifteen miles to the Connected H Ranch of Mathew McAdams. He had enough money to buy a horse and saddle. Working there for the next few years, Heine Maney learned the profession of a cowboy handling cattle.

Cowboying with him were Merle Boyce and Joe Kipp. Both later became famous rodeo contestants. After the first year with the Connected H summer came along and a slack season of work.

Heine was offered a chance to go after wild horses in the Missouri River breaks with Boyce and Kipp down in Blaine County. This was the prospect of an adventure the tall, young cowboy could not resist.

But he had plenty to learn about capturing wild horses. He says, "It was a funny deal. You would be sitting your horse on a lookout point, watching one way for wild horse bands and they would be somewhere else watching you!"

The three cowboys made an agreement with a wild horse hunter who had built a trap down in a coulee. Heine, being the inexperienced one, was sent out riding the hills to spook the bands of broomtails towards the coulee and the trap.

The smart wild horses caused Maney a lot of trouble but finally he caught on. Locating the wild horse bands, he inveigled them into running for the trap to escape him. Sometimes this covered at least five miles. If he had not been mounted on an excellent horse he couldn't have done it.

In wild horse chasing lingo this is known as "coyoting". Usually he had only to stay behind them and swing left or right to keep them running at high speed on the necessary course.

Maney didn't make much money wild horse trapping. The three cowboy partners were allowed one horse each out of any bunch caught. Sometimes when an extra large band was trapped they were given two each. Unfortunately, even after breaking, the broomtails did not bring a very good price.

This didn't suit Heine. They were putting out all the hard labor for only a few horses. He suddenly quit and went north and obtained employment with Henry and Christopher Miller.

The Miller brothers were running the E Bar Y brand in the very center of the Bear Paw Mountains. There Maney remained for the next twenty years.

Every spring the outfit branded 3,600 calves with a range wagon crew. This was only about a sixty percent calf crop. Each fall the beef steers, with usually a thousand heifers, were driven northwest to Havre, and later to Harlem, to be shipped to market.

The calf branding took nearly three months in that rugged, widely spread country. The crews started with the first rising spring blades of grass, branded and then turned to gathering what cattle would be trailed to the Great Northern Railroad to be shipped out. Thus from snow melting time in the spring until it started falling again in the winter few of the Miller brothers cowboys hardly ever saw the home ranch.

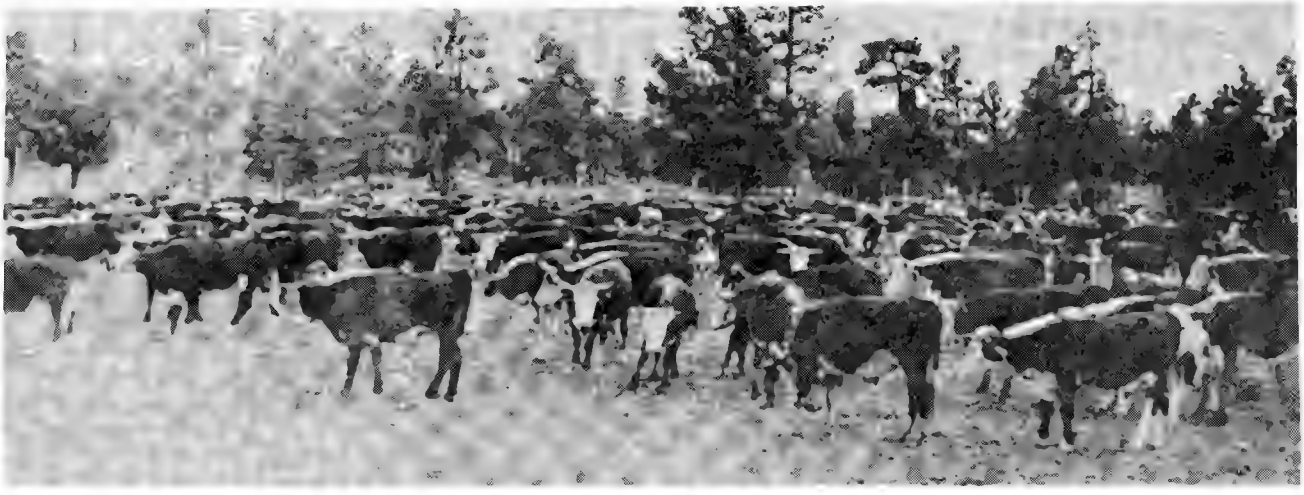
Heine worked out of a line camp, which meant that as spring thaw came in he also rode the creek bogs, pulling out cattle. Three times he was unhorsed when a horned cow rescued from a mud hole turned on him.

Calving was the worst time of the year. The cows, when they could be found, were herded together in a flat or mountain park and watched constantly. If a blizzard blew down the newborn calves had to be taken to a shelter, either a brush corral or under a cliff. Otherwise they would soon freeze to death.

Ferocious wild animals were always after the mother cows and their off-spring. Grizzly bears were few in the Bear Paws, but enough of a nuisance that they had to be looked out for every

Heine Maney on a favorite cow horse at the Lazy AC Charlois ranch.

Black Angus cattle on the Miller Brothers Bear Paw Mountain Range.



Hereford cattle in the mountain range.

spring when they came out of hibernation. There were more black bear, which could be easily tracked down and killed. But during the late winter and beginning spring the large timber wolves were a decided menace. Most of them drifted south out of Canada. This invariably happened during below zero temperatures, when little food could be had by the beasts north of the border.

One night in a line cabin with another cowboy Maney was awakened by howling wolves. Leaping from pole bunk out of blankets he yelled, "They're killing cattle!"

Pulling on levis, shirt and boots, each cowboy grabbed a Winchester rifle and rushed from the cabin. Down in the mountain park the fighting cows and howling wolves created a stupendous din of noise.

As they rushed forward, spread widely apart, dark forms charged them through the cold glistening moonlight.

Of this incident Heine Maney says, "I stood there and fired so fast my rifle barrel got hot, reloaded and emptied the magazine again. We had wolves laying all over the park near us. But there were many more down among the cattle."

His partner had been firing as rapidly as he. Together they killed about twenty wolves on their side of the cows and calves. Others were wounded and had slunk off.

Rushing on, avoiding the carcasses of cows and calves that had been slain by the wolves, they got inside the herd and finished off another dozen of the big beasts. At daylight they counted nine dead cows and twenty-two calves, most with throats slashed.

When a report was sent in to the headquarters ranch by the line cabin grub supplier, the Miller brothers hired a professional wolf hunter. He used wolf killed carcasses all over the mountain range to poison them out.

Not long after the wolf episode the weather cleared into melting spring. That meant riding the creeks to get bogged down cattle out. Heine's job was to ride Big Peoples Creek, which had not only bogs but quicksand as well. Every day, working from early sunrise until after dark, he pulled from ten to fifteen cows, steers and calves out of the bogs or quicksand. If left there long the bovines' legs went dead and there was little else to do but shoot the animal.

He and his partner tried to rescue the cow critters on horseback, for if they hit the ground most surely they would be charged. One time they dug out a cow from a bad bog with their hands. On seeing that the animal could struggle free the rest of the way, they made a run for their horses, which were then grazing off.

Heine barely made it into the saddle when the angry cow whammed into his horse and spilled both.

Since Miller Brothers cattle ran over a wide area they were wide open to thieves. Usually pursuit of them ensued from ranch headquarters, twenty-two miles southeast of Havre.

The small-time beefer was a big pain in the neck and the line camp riders were supposed to take care of them. There were settlers scattered around in the country. They travelled in wagons on dim trails. So did the beefers.

When Heine found the offal and hide of a beefed steer, or heifer, he took after the wagon tracks. But they soon disappeared under the wheel marks of other wagons on the roads. Only now and then would he and his partner, or other members of the crew, manage to overhaul a beefer. But the chances were the culprit got off scot free.

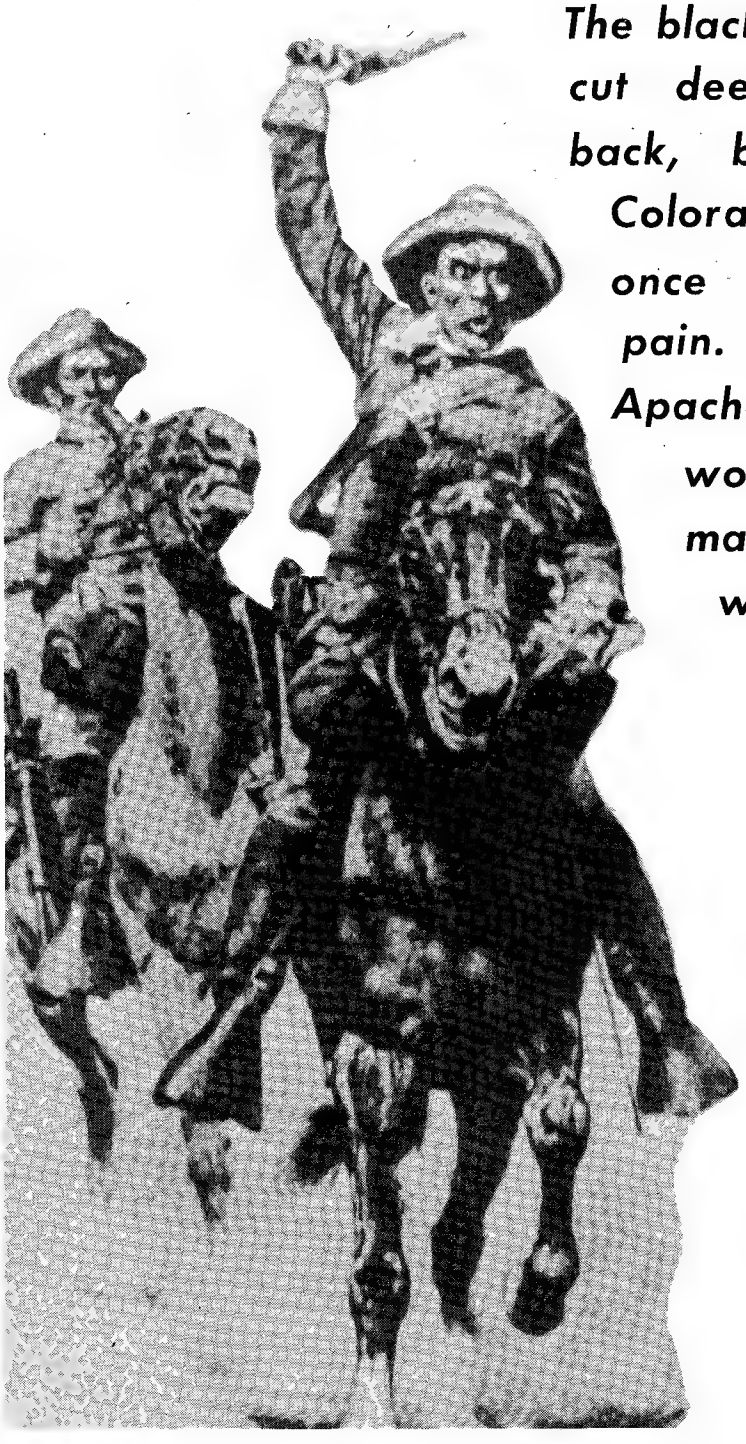
The beefers sold to settlers and especially to butcher shops in the towns around the Miller Brothers cattle range. This beefing got so bad during World War II, when meat was rationed, that the company managed to get an FBI agent to assist them.

He dressed like a cowboy, was a

(Continued on Page 59)

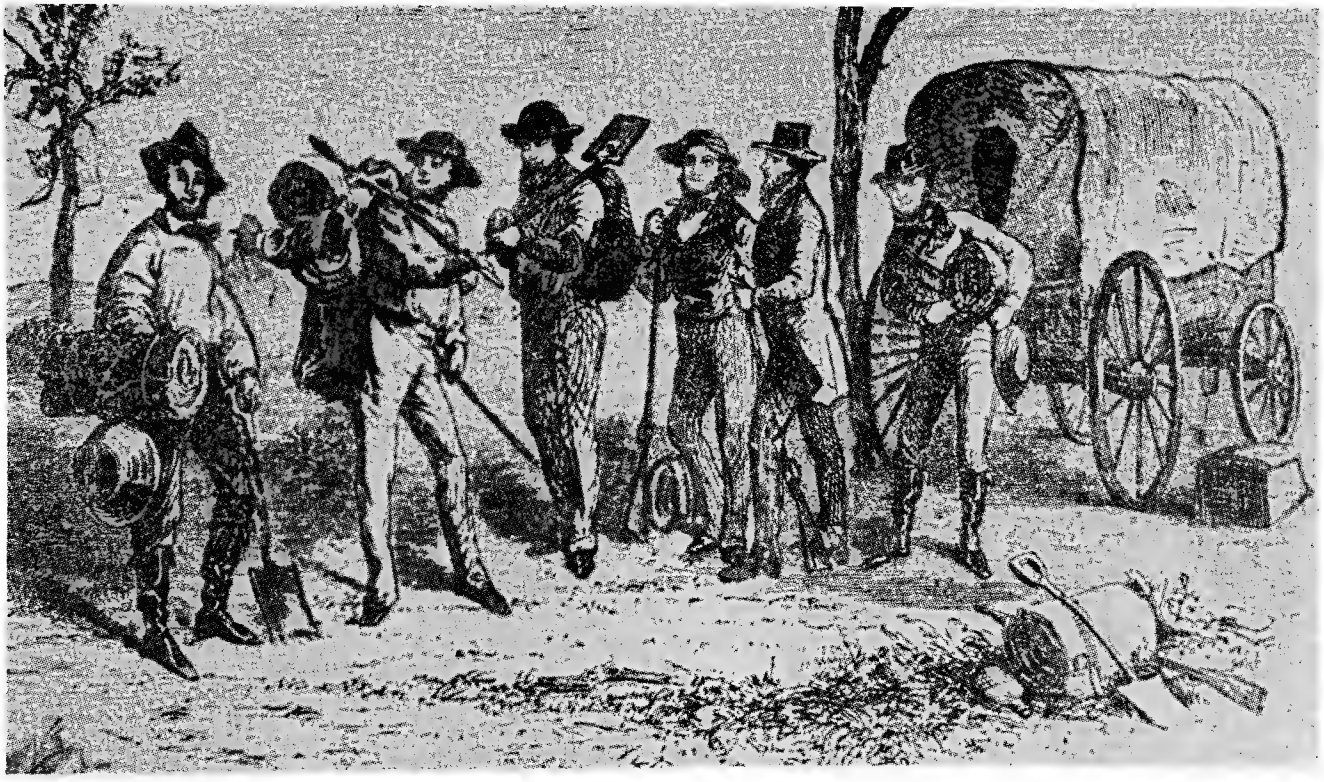
THE APACHE WHO RAVAGED THE WEST

The blacksnake whip cut deep into his back, but Mangas Colorado didn't once groan with pain. He was an Apache chief. He would live—and many white men would die for this deed!



Cavalry charging hostile Indians. (To left)

Mangus, son of Mangas Colorado, who was with his father on most of his raids.



Miners and prospectors were Mangas Colorado's special prey and he tortured many of them to death.

by GLADWELL RICHARDSON

THE GIANT Warm Springs Apache Chief, Mangas Colorado, conceived a brilliant idea. Or so he thought.

White miners had invaded the southwest by the hundreds, grubbing for valuable minerals in the Pinos Altos Mountains of southern New Mexico. They possessed material property which he coveted. But every time he struck them they fought back desperately. Losses were so great that the spoils were not worthwhile.

In 1851 he concocted a plan that would cost him no casualties. One day he put it in operation. Approaching three miners working alone near the rude camp called Pinos Altos, his right hand was held high in the air, the universal sign of peaceful intent.

They let him come in, giving food to the dark visaged, cruel-faced chief, who was then fifty-four years old.

He asked, "You are looking for gold here?"

"Yes," one replied, "but we haven't found much."

"There is not very much gold here," Mangas Colorado replied. "Over there I know where there is so much like gravel that you can pick it up with your fingers." He waved towards the western mountains.

Naturally the miners were interested. White men always believed Indians knew secret places where beds of the yellow metal lay on the ground.

Mangas Colorado said, "Gold is of no use to me. Have you a few ponies you would give me if I show you where this gold is?"

The miners fell for the conniving old scoundrel's bait. After further parleying they agreed to meet him in two suns while they rode west.

As agreed, the three miners drove along with several ponies, heading west. They were half way to the western mountains when Mangas Colorado rode out of a dry wash with ten of his warriors to surround them. His dark eyes blazed as his pack shot them dead off their horses.

Everything the Apaches could use was taken from the bodies. The horses, grub and equipment was seized. Before riding away the naked bodies were filled with arrows until they almost resembled pin cushions.

Some time elapsed before the dismembered remains were discovered. Meanwhile Mangas Colorado had worked his cunning trick on several more parties of miners. The very word gold seemed to drive white men crazy with greed. They would do anything for it, even to killing each other.

It is not known how many Mangas Colorado actually trapped and murdered with his scheme but at least fifty perished. And most of them were tortured to death.

Strange rumors began circulating about miners who made deals with the sly and murderous chief. When they went out to meet him, they were found cut to pieces, dragged to death behind a pony or tortured.

Mangas Colorado came to grief

PHOTOS COURTESY OF AUTHOR

Cochise: he was the son-in-law of Mangas Colorado

because of his greed. A camp of fifteen miners had an especially fine bunch of horses and mules. From appearances the camp should have other considerable valuables. The chief concluded to take the entire bunch in his net.

Approaching in the usual way, riding a scrawny pony, unarmed and right hand high in the air, he hailed the camp with, "How! How!" That was the extent of his English vocabulary.

All might have been well with him except that after being fed a bounteous supper of wild game meat he began his story of knowing where there reposed acres of gold on top of the bare ground. For a trade he would take them there. What did the white men have to barter for being shown?

"Nothing," he was told bluntly in cowcamp Spanish. "We got plenty enough here to make us all rich."

Only slightly dismayed, Mangas Colorado launched into a more intriguing tale of gold beyond their wildest dreams. The miners listened, finally becoming tired of the harangue.

One of the men whispered in English, "It will take several of us to overpower this big cutthroat. But let's do it and give him a lesson he'll never forget, since we're told not to kill him outright."

Accordingly the miners arose as one man to seize Mangas Colorado. His powerful strength could not struggle long against them. Thrown to the ground, his wrists were bound together in front of his body. His feet were secured with braided rawhide. The heavy chief was then lifted up and tied to a tree.

The buckskin shirt was cut free from his back and a blacksnake whip brought to a burly miner, who claimed he could hit a fly twenty feet away. Standing off, he began the methodical whipping that was soon to bathe the deep southwest with the blood of innocent victims.

The whipper's skill were proven that balmy evening before the blazing campfire. Beginning at the shoulders, he cut strips of skin and flesh down Mangas Colorado's back to his buttocks. Yet during this lengthy torture not a single groan of pain escaped from the chief.

When the whipper finished Mangas Colorado was released and kicked out of camp. Still having strength to mount his pony, he disappeared into deepening night.

It took Mangas Colorado six months to recover from the white man's cruelty. Lying in a crude wickiup in the mountains, his mind dwelled only on what he could do to avenge the great insult done him.

One of his daughters was married to Cochise, who agreed with him that many white men must die before his terrible ordeal would be paid for.

When he could ride again Mangas Colorado took the warpath. At that time he did not have a large following of warriors. But as his bloody career progressed he gained many more.

With his warriors he lurked on the roads across the southern sections of Arizona and New Mexico. Wagon trains of immigrants, freight outfits hauling army supplies and bands of riders were hit regularly with surprising success. Those who did not die during defense against howling warriors became the victims of a special kind of horror. The men and women captured were stripped naked and bound to wagon wheels face down. A fire was built beneath their heads that slowly boiled their brains, bursting the cranial box. If no wagons were handy a tree became the fiendish torture altar.

One of the first U. S. Army officers to come onto one of Mangas Colorado's horrible death scenes was Captain John C. Cremony. He wrote:

"Each man was bound to a wheel of a wagon, head downward, about eighteen inches from the ground. A fire was made under him and his brains roasted from their heads. The broken heads, the agonized contortions of the facial muscles were horrible to see."

The outbreak of the Civil War afforded Mangas Colorado and Cochise opportunity to indulge in their inhuman blood lust. They practically depopulated the southern halves of what became the territories of Arizona and New Mexico. The only town able to protect itself against their raids was Tucson.

Mangas Colorado murdered Mexicans and Americans wherever he could find them. Hating all miners in the Pinos Altos, he led two hundred warriors there in September, 1861.

The first attacks were resolutely defended and many of his warriors killed. What he didn't know was that a unit of citizen volunteers from Arizona under Captain Andrew Martin had come into the area.

These few men, first known as "guards", hit the Apaches suddenly, forcing them out of the mountains. Mangas Colorado went south a few

The town of Pinos Altos, where Mangas Colorado and his Indian raiders slaughtered unwary gold miners.

Old Tucson, the only town in Arizona, that was able to defend itself against raids of Mangas Colorado.

miles, discovering a wagon train hauling supplies for the army. For fourteen hours they kept it under attack after circled and forted up.

Somewhat belatedly the Arizonans decided to pursue Mangas Colorado. Tracing his warriors to the supply train, they drove off the bloodthirsty savages.

Mangas Colorado was so filled with hatred for any miner in the Pinos Altos he proposed that Cochise help him kill every one they could find there. While they were preparing for this Cochise discovered a unit of the California column moving east to help drive Confederate forces from New Mexico.

Deciding to trap them, Cochise waited, having Mangas Colorado's warriors to bolster his own fighting group. The ambush was placed in Apache Pass in Arizona. Being in command on the eastern opening of the pass Mangas Colorado discovered fourteen miners approaching.

Forthwith he laid the plan of ambush and then gave the leadership to his stripling son and his friends. The miners fell easy prey and were put to death the usual cruel Apache way.

The California column and Arizona volunteers, mostly Mexicans and Indians, and the Colorado volunteers, were rushing into New Mexico to combat Indian depredations and the Confederates from Texas.

At this time Mangas Colorado, six feet six inches tall, was almost seventy years old. His old battle wounds were hurting him, especially those received from the whipping at Pinos Altos.

Despite the long list of documented atrocities of his murderous depredations, the Indian agents and later the Quakers appointed by President U. S. Grant, claimed that the army was set on a course of deliberately murdering Indian chiefs who were peaceful and wanted to be friends with the white man. They held them to be heroes and without fault. However the citizens and the army denounced them as murdering scoundrels who must be removed entirely. A dead Indian was the only good Indian.

There were agents who declared that the merciless, unwarranted whipping Mangas Colorado received drove him to committing atrocities on white men. None took into account his torture of innocent women and children. Undoubtedly he should have been hanged at Pinos Altos for murder instead of being whipped.

By 1863 the Union armies needed gold to prosecute the war against the Confederacy. Gold miners all over the great west were encouraged and given some protection to get the yellow metal out of the ground.

The famous Western explorer, Captain Joseph R. Walker, started across the southwest, leading a party of thirty-two prospectors for California. The party came out of Colorado into New Mexico, following the Rio Grande River south until reaching what was even then known as the "old" southern route to the west coast.

The wily Captain Walker stayed in the open country as much as possible to avoid Indian ambush. After turning west Indians were plentiful. Some approached close. Their signal fires were seen all day long on the surrounding mountain peaks.

When the Walker party reached Pinos Altos they found the cluster of log, mud and stone cabins completely deserted. Raids by Mangas Colorado had either

(Continued on Page 61)

Apache raider warrior.

THE PHANTOM TRAIN ROBBERS

By JEFFREY M. WALLMANN

EVER SINCE it happened, back in the spring of '87, the residents of Altingham always liked to consider they had an unsolved mystery on their hands. Altingham, a fly-speck on the map, where, before radio and television, entertainment was mostly sitting around the clapboard depot watching the daily train go by. So you really can't blame

So you really can't blame the locals for having gotten into a flap of stories when old No. 732 came busting through the town.

It came like a screaming devil, without baggage-and-mail car, without its couple of coaches; just that ancient 4-4-0 American locomotive and tender, belching smoke and cinder. It thundered open-throttle down the tracks which bisected Front Street, missed the curve at its end, and sailed through Hoskin's Emporium. Slaughtered an unsuspecting cow out back, but luckily nobody was injured, unless you count Butch Mulligan, who broke his arm diving into a horse trough.

That night, the rest of the train was located far on the other side of Pearl River. The mail clerk had been shot dead, one of the passengers had been wounded, and everybody had been picked clean of their money and valuables.

Eighteen thousand dollars had been stolen from the safe in the baggage-and-mail car. Some of the story got pieced together then. It seems that a couple of masked men captured the train as it was stopped for water, then escaped in the locomotive after uncoupling the cars.

A posse was immediately formed, and word was telegraphed to neighboring towns. When two horses were found tethered near the tracks on the Altingham side of the Pearl River flats, the sheriff figured he had the robbers and murderers for sure. The animals were obviously part of the escape plan, and since they were still there, that had to mean the men were on foot.

The two thieves never showed up, despite the searches.

Still, capture seemed certain. The eighteen thousand dollars happened to be a special shipment in which the bills were consecutively ordered. Soon as any of the money was spent, it could be traced, and to this day, in some of the backwood banks fortunate to have weathered the Depression, you can find yellowed, flaking circulars with the list of missing serial numbers.

Yet not a trace of the money was ever recovered. The masked outlaws made such a perfect getaway that it was hard to believe they were human. Even after the construction of a new bridge over the Pearl, lots of folks ignored the facts and continued to talk of swamp ghosts and will-o'-the-wisps. Not that they believed in those things; it was merely more fun that way, with an unsolved mystery to pass the time jawing about.

But the truth of the matter ran something like this:

The winter of '87 had been a boggler, and Pearl River had flooded the

Throttle wide open, old 743 roared around the bend, with a stolen fortune in her cab. She was never again seen by man. Here's a possible reason why. . .

flats worse than usual. The railroad bed ran across the flats on a sort of stone and dirt levee, and in a few places the water had actually lapped over the top. But by late March, the Pearl had pretty well receded to its banks, the dogwood was out, and clover, columbine, and scarlet gilia were flowering wherever it wasn't too muddy.

In the granite hills to the east, two men in their twenties were sitting on a stack of ties beside the tracks. The moss-covered water tank nearby was dripping lazily, the drone of flies was thick, and both men seemed to be nodding half-asleep. Most motion came from the younger one, Roy McBain, who chewed on a dandylion stem.

Roy McBain had thick, dark curly hair and a likable face, but he was one mean bastard at heart. Tad Kluette, on the other hand, always wore a filthy black felt slouch hat to hide his premature baldness, and he looked far nastier than he actually was. You had the feeling facing him that he'd do exactly what he was threatening. You wouldn't often be wrong, either.

The warm afternoon air was split by the echoing shrillness of a train whistle. Kluette jerked upright, turning in the direction of the sound. "She's coming," he said tightly. "732's coming."

"She's going to stop, too," McBain added, spitting out the stem. "One whistle means 'down brakes.'"

Both men moved to hunker behind the ties, slipping bandannas up over their noses and drawing their Colts. Some moments passed, and then the train came into view, the old locomotive panting from climbing Sweeney's Grade. Steam hissed from the cylinders and sparks ground from the locking brake shoes as the ponderous engine slowly halted beneath the pipe of the water tank.

The robbers waited for the boilers to be filled. Then they stepped out, Colts cocked. Kluette headed for the last of the day coaches, while McBain covered the engine and mail car.

Two men against the engineer, fireman, switchman, conductor, brakeman, and almost a dozen passengers, not to mention the mail clerk holed up in his car. But McBain and Kluette were pros, the element of surprise was on their side, and the others weren't killers, much less fighters.

After one man tried to draw a derringer and got winged for his trouble by Kluette, the threat of reprisal in case of trouble was believed, and the robbery went without a hitch.

The clerk, after he'd unlocked the safe, was herded with the rest of the crew and passengers alongside the ties, where they could be watched as a group. McBain, on board the locomotive, had the engineer show him the rudiments of running it, and then, kicking the engineer off, he called out to Kluette.

"Okay. All the sacks here?"

"Yeah," Kluette answered. "All in the cab. Looks like we lucked into a real haul, don't it?"

"Come on, then. Steam's up, and all that's left is to uncouple the cars. I'll cover them while you do that."

Kluette jumped up on the rear platform of the tender. He dropped to his knees and began digging at the pin-coupler which joined the mail-and-baggage car. McBain, careless with a sense of success, turned his head to glance at the gauges.

That was a mistake, for the mail clerk drew a Colt 'Lightening' .38 hideout pistol from his pocket and began firing. There was a whole lot of screaming and falling for cover, but the

clerk, too full of his own bravado to aim straight, stood his ground and peppered the tender around Kluette with two of his six shots.

"What the hell?" Kluette bellowed, a bullet humming past his boot. He clawed for his revolver, hearing his partner curse vehemently from the cab and then the roar of McBain's Frontier.

"Get that pin out, Kluette!" McBain yelled over the smoke and fire. "I'll take care of the squirrel!"

The clerk began answering McBain with shots, and a couple of lead pellets spanged through the cab, ricochetting off the steel-plated sides. McBain ducked and danced, afraid more of the ricochets drilling him than of the clerk's aim. He fired back haphazardly.

Kluette worked on the pin frantically, knowing he was without cover where he crouched, and finally managed to free the couplers. He pivoted and rolled across the coal into the cab as the clerk's fifth shot plucked at the crown of his hat.

"What took you so long?" McBain snapped.

"Never mind," Kluette snarled back. "I thought you were to shoot that fool, Dead-eye. You goin' blind on me?"

"He's been blessed, I swan," McBain retorted, and shot again. "Release the brakes and pull the throttle open. Yeah, and then notch up the reverse bar."

Kluette moved to the controls, and the locomotive bagan to edge forward, chuffing loudly, wheels spinning with the sudden surge of steam. He kicked a sack of loot aside and leaned into the throttle; the engine shuddered and pulled farther away from the string of cars.

The clerk snapped off his final shot, and with the luck of innocents, his aim was true. The bullet burrowed into the control hinge of the throttle not more than two inches from Kluette's hand. Kluette sprang backwards with a howl of surprise.

McBain braced himself against the lurching cab and fired at the clerk, who was dumbly standing there, trying to reload. He saw the clerk drop the revolver and clutch his midsection, toppling forward like a folded bag of feed. "Got him!" McBain cried, and turned smiling to his partner, who'd begun to stoke. "Did yuh see that? I got him clean!"

"How can I when I'm shovelin' to keep us going?" Kluette barked. He glared at McBain as he threw another shovel-load of coal into the firebox. "Looks like I got to do all the work."

"But—" McGain frowned, looking around confusedly. The engine was roaring full-tilt now, and the rails were flowing, the country-side becoming a mere blur of greens and browns. "But why aren't you at the throttle?"

"Why? She's moving, ain't she? Here, you shovel awhile."

"No, I mean that there throttle's a dead-man control. You let loose of it, and the train's supposed to stop."

"Well, it ain't. We're going faster all the time!"

McBain brushed past Kluette and inspected the lever. "Oh Lord," he groaned, that fool clerk did it to us good. His bullet jammed it open, and it can't be pulled back. We're on a runaway!"

Kluette leaned on the shovel handle, his face green. "Do something else, then! The engine driver told you all about it!"

"Not that much! I start tinkering and likely as not, I blow us up!" McBain looked out through the wind-screen. swallowing thickly. They were speeding erratically down the long grade which led to Pearl River, and the wind howled past his ears. "We're going to have to jump," he said, turning back. "We're going to have to jump!"

"At this rate? We'll be mashed! We must be doing thirty!"

"Twenty-five at least," McBain said

sickly. "Got no choice, far as I can tell. We'll have to chance it."

"Not here, not against the trees, we don't. What about the flats?" Kluette was trying to keep his footing like a sailor on a storm-tossed ship's deck. "Ground ain't got so many rocks there, either. We can roll some!"

"But we'll miss the horses!"

"Blast the horses! The land's worse there than it is here!"

"Yeah, you're right," McBain agreed ruefully. "We'll hit the flats and run for 'em. Help me move the sacks; we'll get them ready to take soon's we cross the bridge!"

Straining, lurching, cursing their fate, the two gunmen hauled their take, which they'd stored in U.S. mail bags, to the back of the cab. McBain peered out again and saw the beginning of the bridge dead ahead. "Hold on!" he called over his shoulder.

The engine shivered even more violently as it struck the shakey structure of the spidery wood supports. The hollow sound of its wheels was like a mocking laugh through them, and both men avoided looking down at the sluggish water meandering below. Then came the mucky banks, and without a word, McBain and Kluette stepped to the side guard, each with sacks in hand. The engine swept onto the firmer levee, spewing smoke from its overheating boiler fires. One of the gauge needles moved over to the red, and there was the ominous sound of escaping steam somewhere.

"Now or never!" McBain yelled, jumping clear.

"See you in hell!" Kluette called, and then he leaped.

McBain hit the edge of the levee with his knees, pitched forward and tumbled down the slant to the flats. Kluette had thrown himself harder, and he landed in the mawkish gumbo straight on. Dazed, Kluette removed his mud-spattered bandanna and threw it from him so he could breathe. Something felt wrong to him; he knew something was wrong. But for an instant he couldn't tell exactly what. He groped for his felt hat, and then heard McBain cry out to him.

"Tad! Tad! I can't move!"

Still dizzy, Kleutte said, "What's the matter? Leg broken?"

"No! No! I'm stuck in this mud! And I—I'm sinking!"

Kluette looked at his partner with startled eyes. McBain was up to his legs in the thick swamp-like goo, struggling futily to lift himself free. There was stark terror in the younger man's expression as he swung his arms and jerked from side to side. Kluette leaned forward to help—and then found that he, too, was imprisoned. Now, with his senses returning, he experienced the dreaded sensation of slowly descending. "No," he choked. "*No!*"

"Tad! Help me! Help me!"

"I can't, Roy! We jumped too close to the river edge, and the floods, they—" He glanced down as the dark brown mud oozed around his belt buckle. "The ground hasn't dried enough—"

"Tad! For God's sake, what are we in?"

"Don't you know? Can't you tell?" Already Kluette could see the mud around McBain's stomach, and his own belly was cold and clammy from the seepage. "It happens after floods in flats like this. It's like quicksand, only worse! It's quickmud, Roy, *quickmud!* It's sucking us under, and there's nothing we can do about it! We're trapped, trapped forever!"

In less than half an hour, there was no trace of either man. They hadn't exactly made a getaway, but then, you might say they'd pulled the perfect disappearance.

Nearly three decades later, the Southern Pacific replaced the old bridge across the Pearl with one made of steel. They drained the marshy delta, and their workcrew ripped open the earth for new pilings. Bones came up like white roots, and a few of the old hands remembered back to the spring of '87. But most, not being scientists, figured they were only parts of stray animals, and those that didn't—

Well, that would have been the end to a good story, right?

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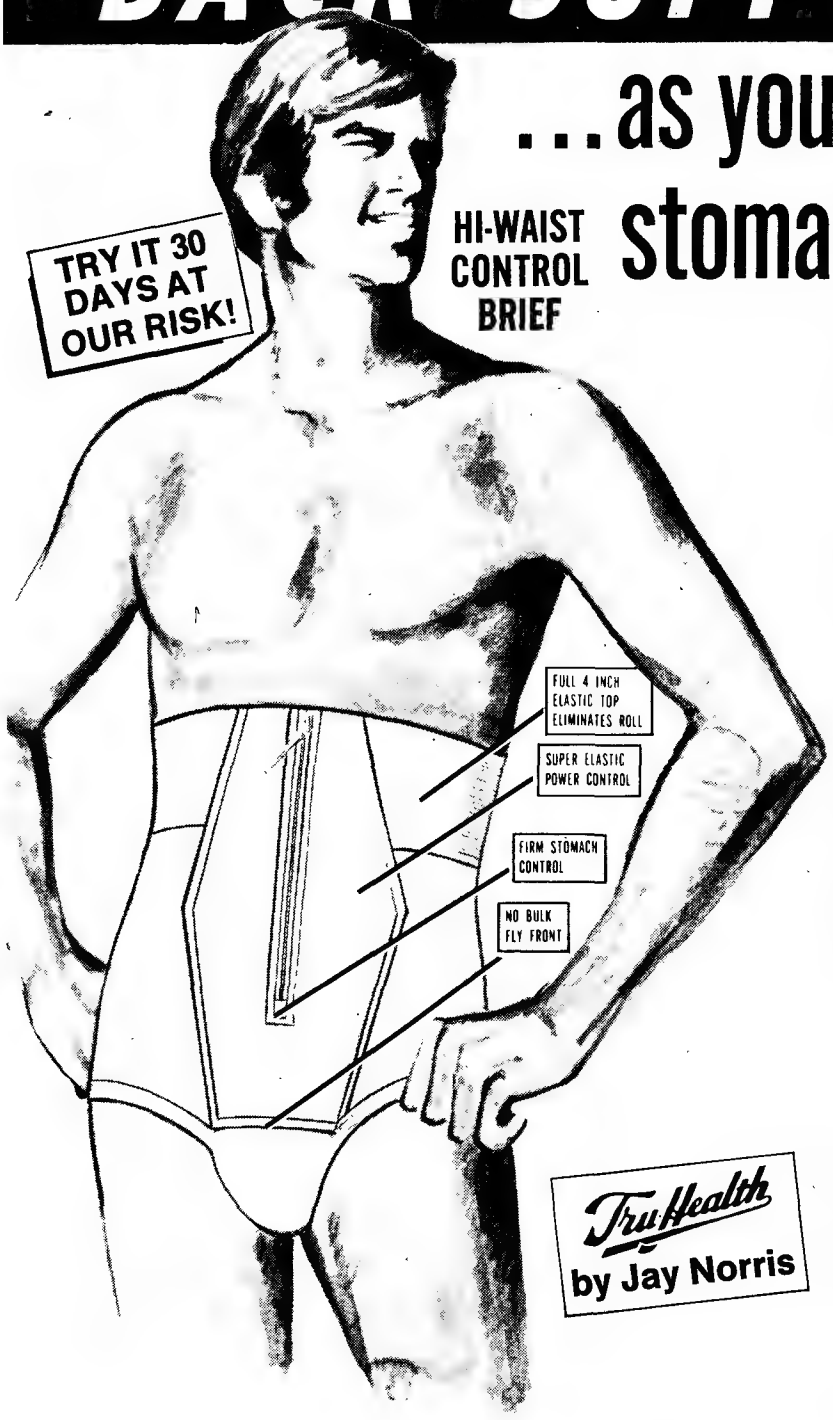

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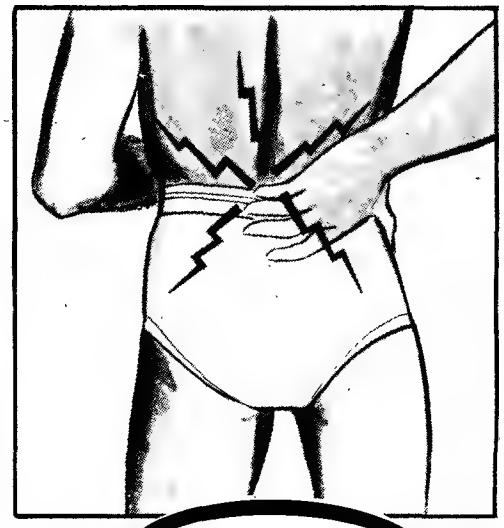

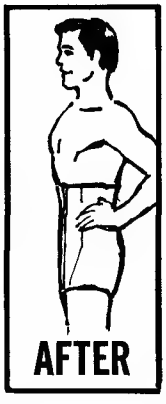

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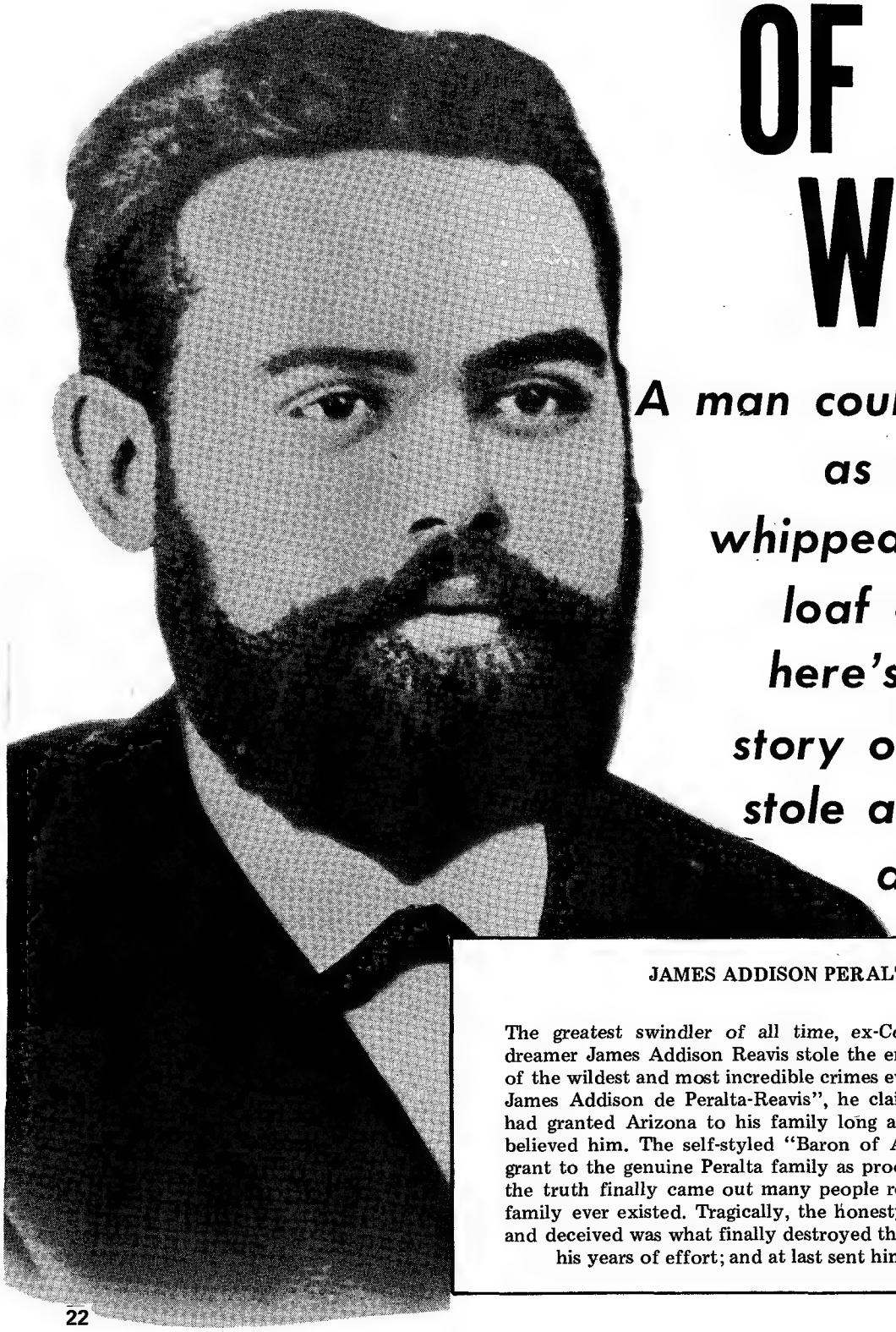
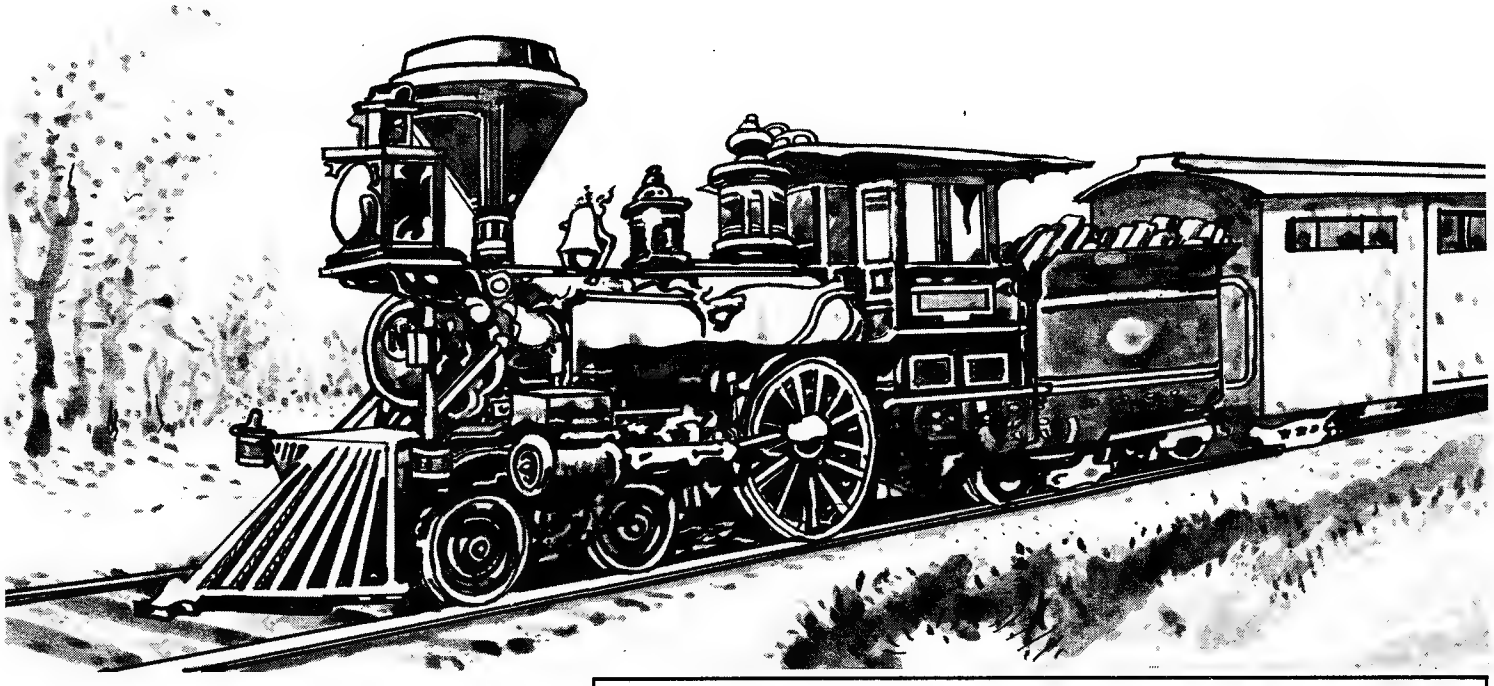
THE GREATEST THIEF OF THE WEST



A man could be hanged as a horse thief, whipped for taking a loaf of bread. But here's the amazing story of a man who stole an entire state all for himself.

JAMES ADDISON PERALTA REAVIS

The greatest swindler of all time, ex-Conferate soldier, forger and dreamer James Addison Reavis stole the entire state of Arizona in one of the wildest and most incredible crimes ever recorded. Posing as "Don James Addison de Peralta-Reavis", he claimed that the King of Spain had granted Arizona to his family long ago. For ten years the world believed him. The self-styled "Baron of Arizona" used a forged land grant to the genuine Peralta family as proof, so successfully that when the truth finally came out many people refused to believe the Peralta family ever existed. Tragically, the honesty of of the woman he loved and deceived was what finally destroyed their family, their fortune, and his years of effort; and at last sent him to prison at Santa Fe.



This Southern Pacific engine, the *C.P. Huntington*, was one of the line robbed by the Baron of Arizona in the 1880s. Most crooks held up only one train at a time; the Baron robbed the entire line so skillfully that it was ten years before the Southern Pacific Co. knew a hold-up had even happened! Shipped around the Horn by sea to California, the *Huntington* first saw service in 1864 and was a standard American model locomotive from the 1860s to the Gay Nineties. Collis P. Huntington, the multi-millionaire and former hardware store owner for whom this engine was named, believed for years the Baron's claim to own Arizona was legal. He paid heavily for crossing the Baron's land.

By FRANK D. McSHERRY JR.

IN ALL THE wars but two, no enemy of the United States ever suceeded in capturing American territory. And even in those two their hold was constantly and fiercely contested and finally broken forever.

The Army of Northern Virginia, led by the genius of Robert E. Lee, couldn't hold eleven states for the Confederacy for more than four years and lost more than half a million dead trying.

This makes it all the more remarkable that one ex-Confederate buck private stole an entire state from the U.S. Government and kept it for more than ten years. He did it single-handed, with no more dangerous weapons than an ingenious mind and pen and paper.

James Addison Reavis stole the entire state of Arizona. Literally. If it hadn't been for his beautiful young wife's unexpected breakdown on the witness stand he might have held it forever.

When his commanding officer refused to give him a badly needed furlough during the Civil War, Private Reavis forged furlough papers for himself and went anyway. The fake documents easily passed muster, an experience Reavis recalled years later when the hard times falling on a desolate, defeated South drove him to seek his fortune elsewhere.

He became a horse car conductor in St. Joseph, Missouri, tried real estate development in St. Louis, and finally drifted west to San Francisco in the early 1880s.

And here three accidental strokes of fate gave him at once both the means and the motive for attaining enormous wealth.

One, he came across a forged document, a fake land grant from the King of Spain to a family named Peralta. Reavis, an old hand at this sort of thing, saw at a glance the flaws that showed the document to be false, and how easily they could be corrected.

Two, he met a beautiful girl. Three, he fell deeply in love with her.

"Her eyes were large," said Reavis, "and of darkest hazel; a profusion of black and silken hair hung in a great mass below her waist. The delicate lines of her body, and her exquisite grace and fascination, told of noble ancestry. She was of splendid physique, elastic step, and a superb dancer. She was at home in the water or on a horse, and was an adept with rod, gun or lariat."

He never knew her name. She didn't either; she was an orphan brought up by an Indian named John W. Snowball.

She looked Spanish. She looked aristocratic. She looked, in fact, Reavis though, like someone named Peralta ought to look.

And here the idea for the greatest swindle ever pulled, anywhere, any time, stunning in its sheer simplicity as well as its daring and audacity, came to Reavis.

And since the penalty for stealing a few dollars is the same as that for stealing a million more, Reavis decided he might as well make the take worth the time put into it. Reavis picked up his pen and started adding zeroes to the number of acres granted in the fake Peralta papers.

He had decided to steal all of Arizona, lock, stock and barrel, its gold, lead, copper, silver, its farmland, timber and water power. And part of New Mexico as well; some ten million acres in all.

Reavis did it right. He made no less than sixteen separate trips to Spain and

Mexico to lay the foundations for his colossal, breathtaking swindle. He took the beautiful, Spanish-looking girl along, calling her his wife though he never actually married her. Reavis apparently only liked signing false documents.

In a shop in Madrid he found an old, ivory-framed portrait of a man and woman who had a resemblance to him and his girl. These two, Reavis decided, would be the great-grandfather and great-grandmother of the Peralta family. With these and forged documents, he even convinced his wife that she really was a Peralta, whose mother and twin brother had died in a Californian flood.

With a skill a novelist would envy, Reavis wrote the entirely fictious life-story of three generations of the Peralta family in official-seeming documents and placed them surreptiously in the files of government offices all over Spain.

All the officials were helpful, enjoying a break in the dusty routine. One, a monk, was almost too helpful; Reavis had to fake a fainting fit to get him out of the monastery office long enough to plant a fake page in an old record book.

In 1885 all was ready. Reavis began his swindle by sending handbills to all newspapers and government offices in Arizona. Beginning "*Hearken ye, all men!*", they stated that all people now living in Arizona were subject to immediate removal by virtue of an old land grant which the United States was obligated to recognize by the Treaty of Guadalupe Hildalgo. Arizona now belonged to the family created by the first Baron of Arizona, Don Miguel Nemecio Silva de Peralta de la Cordova, and therefore to his direct descendant, Don James Addison de Peralta-Reavis.

Don James generously would not insist upon anyone's removing, however, if suitable arrangements were made with his accredited agents. The "suitable arrangements", it turned out, were entirely financial, small fees for small farmers and big ones for large ranches and mining corporations.

When the expected first refusals to pay came, from settlers near Phoenix, Don James acted swiftly. Early in the morning the people of Phoenix awoke to a rolling thunder of hooves. An elegant coach flanked by a galloping escort and pulled by a high-stepping glossy team, swept royally into the settlement. Out of it stepped Don James Addison de Peralta-Reavis, and he was a sight for tired eyes.

The hot Arizona sun sparkled on his silver-mounted twin pistols, gold-braided sombero, purple jacket with gold facings, black pants with red lacings at the side and gleaming boots. A red serape swirled over his shoulder as Don James, the very portrait of a Spanish aristocrat of Old California, turned to help his lovely wife, Donna Sofia Loreto Micaila Maso' y Silva de Peralta, down from the stagecoach.

In the perfect Spanish of a grandee of Spain, and in fluent if charmingly accented English, Don James graciously presented to the awed crowds a collection of documents that proved his claim to be the owner of Arizona. When he drove away that evening he left behind him a group not only thoroughly convinced that he was the baron and rightful owner of the Barony of Arizona, but also proud that one of royal blood had associated with them.

Others were no less convinced. The Southern Pacific Railway forked over a cool fifty thousand dollars when Don James informed them politely that they had unfortunately overlooked paying him for his right of way when they built a railroad through his land. The Silver King Mining Company paid another large sum for taking Don James' ore out of his land without asking Don James' permission. Senator Roscoe Conkling, millionaire Collis P. Huntingdon and famed attorney Robert G. Ingersoll all examined the Peralta papers and proclaimed them genuine. Even the U.S. Government was convinced.

Don James settled down to enjoy his prosperity, travelling widely with wife, twin sons, and a large group of servants. With the typical generosity of the true aristocrat he presented gifts to the public wherever he went—gold altar cloths for the cathedral in Guadalajara, a fountain for the plaza of Monterey. He set up residences in Chihuahua, Washington, St. Louis, he took royal suites in New York, London and Paris hotels. He was a welcome guest in the homes of the rich, the socially prominent, the powerful. In Madrid the American Legation itself entertained him.

It was years before the U.S. Government finally gave Don James' claims a thorough look, and when the Court of Private Land Claims did

DONA SOFIA LORETA MICAILA MASO' Y SILVA DE PERALTA

Mrs. James Reavis, whose husband told her she was of noble Spanish blood. Perhaps the wealthiest woman in the U.S. in her time, her trust for her swindling husband brought her gold and silver mines and millions. Her honesty reduced her and her two sons to poverty and sent her husband to jail. For years she believed she was Dona Sofia Loreta Micaila Maso' y Silva de Peralta, rightful heir of the Barony of Arizona. An orphan brought up by an Indian named Snowball, her real name is unknown to this date. This photograph was one of Reavis's exhibits at his sensational trial—the trial that caused his eventual downfall.

investigate him it did so reluctantly, tactfully and regretfully, and only as the accidental result of checking claims for lands adjoining the Baron's domain of Arizona.

Don James, with Old World courtesy, graciously eased their embarrassment by inviting them to inspect the family papers. Doubtless, too, he suggested, there were other papers proving his claims in the official archives of Mexico and Spain. *Why not check there as well, senors?*

The government did. And when it found in those dusty files of sunny Spain the papers thoughtfully inserted there years before by Don James, they were more convinced than ever that his claims were as solid as the Rock of Gibraltar.

The printing press had done so much to support Don James' fabulous career that it almost hurts to record that it also was responsible for his eventual downfall.

A penniless, stuttering printer of Florence, Arizona, named Tom Weedin, had a hobby of studying old documents. This led him to the Peralta papers, one of which left him pop-eyed with astonishment. It was dated 1748, but printer Weedin recognized the typeface—one first invented in 1875!

Excitedly, Weedin examined others. One document, dated Madrid, 1787, was printed on paper made in a Wisconsin paper mill that hadn't been built until after the end of the Civil War!

Well, *damn.* A man can't think of *everything.*

In 1895 the government went to court.

They had to work; Don James produced a flood of witnesses to back up everything he said and to back them up he had records of every imaginable kind tracing the entire Peralta family history back for generations. From birth certificates to marriage licenses to wills, the life of every fictious member of the Peralta family was recorded in official detail; there were even photographs and painted portraits of them.

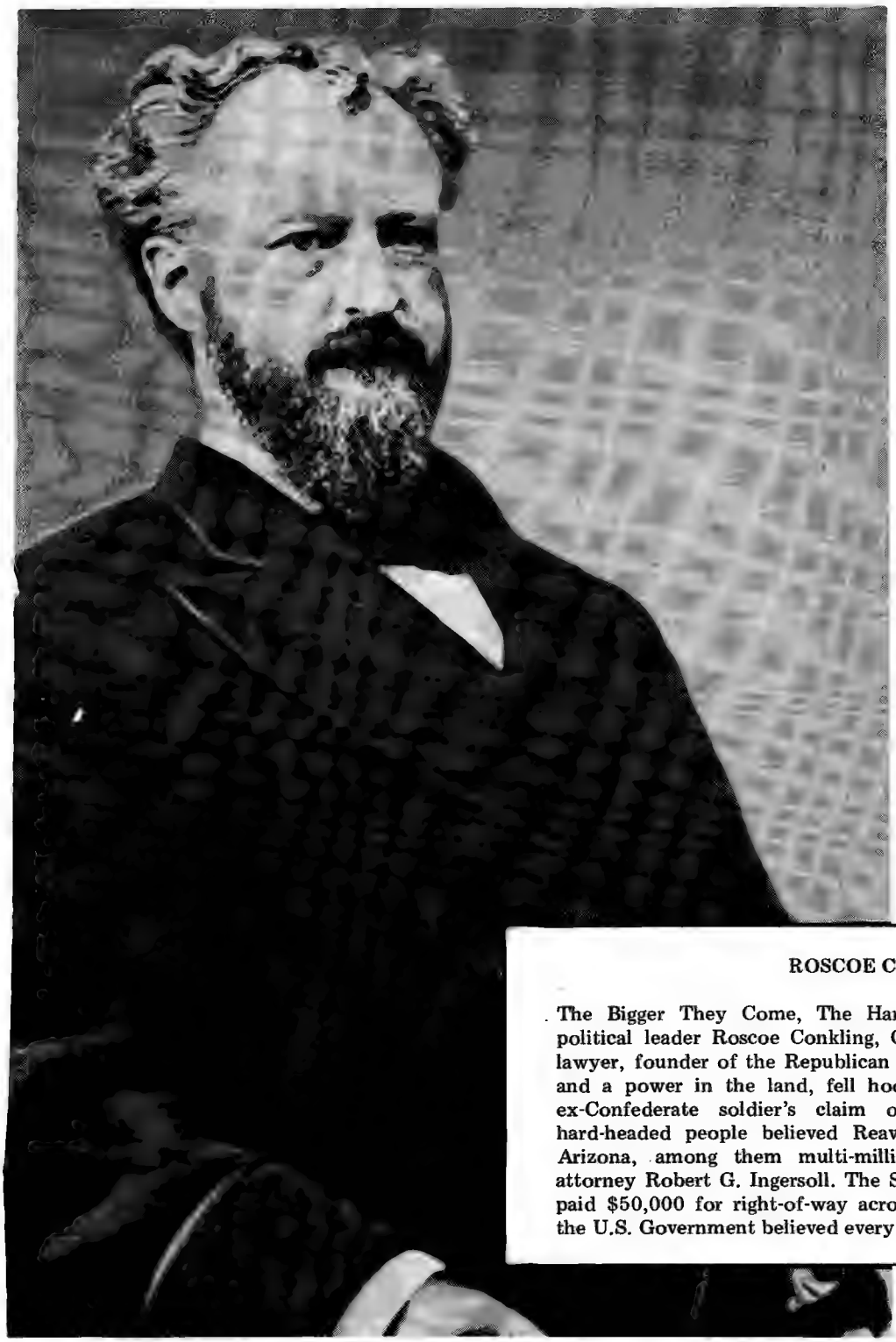
It was with good reason that government investigator William M. Tipton said, "No plan was ever more ingeniously devised, none ever carried out with greater patience, industry and skill."

The case against Don James failed to convince many people in Arizona, then and later; but unexpectedly it convinced his wife. She broke down on the witness stand and cried that there wasn't any Baron of Arizona; James had made it all up and made her believe it. Now she didn't know who she was and wished she had died before meeting James Addison Reavis.

Reavis spent six years in a Santa Fe prison. He was last seen, aged and poverty-striken, in Phoenix in 1910.

With their loss of the case his wife lost every penny. After trying, and failing, to support her twin sons as a housemaid she left Sante Fe, disappearing into the greyness of old age and poverty. What happened to her, and her two sons, and whether Reavis, ex-buck-private, ex-royalty, ever saw any of them again, no one knows. Even their graves are unknown.

But James Addison Reavis had received a gift given to few men. He saw his dream come true, and he lived it for ten long years. Perhaps he felt it was worth it.



ROSCOE CONKLING

The Bigger They Come, The Harder They Fall. Wealthy, cynical, political leader Roscoe Conkling, Congressman at 29, Senator at 38, lawyer, founder of the Republican Party, friend of Lincoln and Grant and a power in the land, fell hook, line and sinker for a penniless ex-Confederate soldier's claim of owning Arizona. Many other hard-headed people believed Reavis's claim of being The Baron of Arizona, among them multi-millionaire Collis P. Huntington and attorney Robert G. Ingersoll. The Southern Pacific Railroad Company paid $50,000 for right-of-way across "Don James's" lands. For years the U.S. Government believed every word of "Don James's" claims.

ZANE GREY AND THE GREAT OUTDOORS

By G. M. FARLEY

From his first mad trip into an unknown jungle to his last great adventure, Death, Zane Grey left a lasting imprint upon the life, customs and writings of his times. Here are a few of his feats.

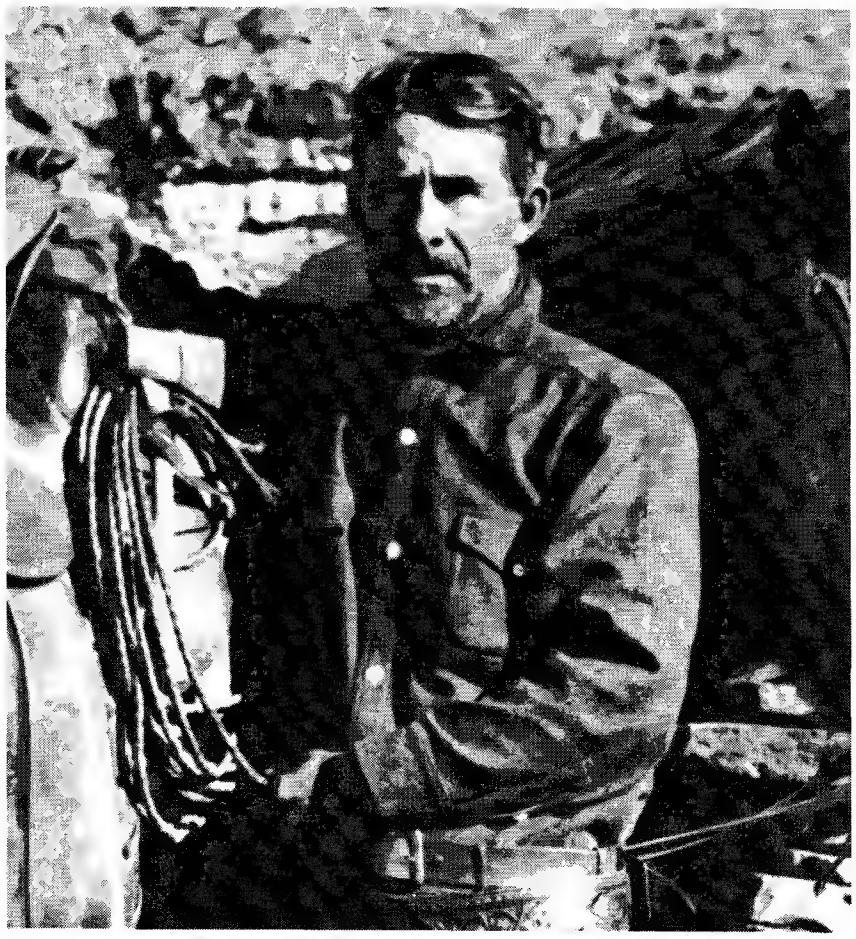
THE JUNE, 1911 issue of *Field and Stream* listed Dr. Zane Grey as an author and an explorer. That same issue contained four of *Down an Unknown Jungle River* by Zane Grey.

In 1911 the youthful writer was beginning to make an impression upon the literary world as well as among outdoor enthusiasts. He had already published his first Western romance, *The Heritage of the Desert*, the Ohio Valley trilogy, some boys books, and several outdoor articles. At that time, perhaps his two most notable feats were the exploration of the unknown Santa Rosa River in Mexico, and the non-scientific expedition to the practically inaccessible Nonnezoshe, the Rainbow Bridge. He had also accompanied Colonel C. J. "Buffalo" Jones to Buckskin Forest on the north rim of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado to rope mountain lions. This trip did not really explore unknown territory, but it brought young Zane Grey into his contact with the West.

Grey had always been rather restless, and when he saw the beautiful Micas Falls from a train window while on his way to fish for tarpon at Tampico, Mexico, he could not resist his strong impulse to explore the river.

Zane Grey wrote: "*From a native I learned that the river was called the Santa Rosa. Where it went he did not know. That was a wild country. The villages were few and were all along the line of the railroad. It was then I*

PHOTOS COURTESY OF AUTHOR



Zane Grey after two months in the wilds.

conceived the idea of going down the Santa Rosa in a canoe or boat. Where did that river go? How many waterfalls and rapids hastened its journey to the gulf? What teeming life inhabited its banks? How wild was the prospect? It haunted me!"

A year later he returned to Tampico to fish for tarpon, and again could not forget his desire to explore the Santa Rosa. Many times he tried unsuccessfully to interest some sportsman in the venture. Finally he met a young man by the name of George Allen who asked permission to accompany Grey. Grey was already quite skilled at running rapids and boating on the Delaware River at Lackawaxen, Pennsylvania. He then found a boat that suited him, and hired a local guide. His name was Pepe, and Grey soon learned that his choice was a wise one.

The trio started their uncertain journey at the foot of Micas Falls, swept past the village of Valles, and plunged into an unexplored world. Panuco lay an estimated 175 miles from Valles, and not a mile of it had been traversed by a white man, except possibly a short distance around Panuco, where tourists fished for tarpon.

Zane Grey's great grandfather was Colonel Ebenezer Zane who left his eastern home to cross wild mountain ranges, and walk through miles of trackless forests, to found Wheeling, West Virginia. Later on he carved a road through Ohio known as Zane's Trace, and founded Zanesville, Ohio. It is not difficult to understand the resistless urge that drove Zane Grey into this adventure.

Armed with guns that were hardly worthy of the name, cameras, and parcels of food, they drifted swiftly down the jungle-fringed river. The banks were filled with various types of wild life that had probably never seen a human being before. The frequent rapids caused them some concern, but as a whole things went well—at least for awhile.

One day they came to what looked like a large island. After some deliberation they took the right channel of the river. Hours later they were staring at a wall of impenetrable jungle. The river seemingly came to an abrupt end. To retrace their way upstream would take three or four times as long as the downward journey. Yet there seemed no alternative, until Grey heard the sound of running water a little ways upstream.

They found an outlet, entirely hidden by the dense foliage, and since it was going in the direction of the Santa

Zane Grey on "Don Carlos";—
Tonto Basin, Arizona, 1919.

Rosa they decided to follow. It saved them many miles and many hours, but before long they had reason to doubt the wisdom of using the passage.

Presently they came to a beautiful glade to find hundreds of snakes lying everywhere, and to amplify misfortunes they had to get out of the boat and wade through shallow water and along the fern covered banks. Fortunately they were able to avoid direct contact with the reptiles, except one huge fellow lying on a limb across their path. Four feet of its body hung down from the limb, the ugly head weaving back and forth. After missing the head, Grey finally put a bullet through the thick body, whereupon the snake slithered from his sanctuary and put the men to flight. Again they escaped unscathed.

One day Grey lassoed a huge alligator which promptly sounded. The rope was fastened to the bow of the boat. Down went the alligator and down went the bow until water began to rush into it. They managed to cut the rope just in time and again avoid disaster.

Another time Zane Grey baited a jaguar near their jungle camp. The big cat appeared rather unexpectedly and Grey's first shot only served to infuriate him. A second bullet went through the jaguar and he leaped straight at Grey with a hoarse roar. Grey fired again and knocked the cat sprawling. Twice more he fired, neither bullet having much affect, and the maddened beast still came on. Then Grey had to waste precious seconds to put another clip in the rifle.

The wounded jaguar, leaped, landing within 25 feet of Grey, but as he landed he rolled over. Zane Grey shot again. The cat got up, uttering a terrible roar, and sprange once more. Ten feet from Grey the blood splattered beast rose to its full height, pawing the air with great spread claws, coughing bloody froth all over Grey. Another shot struck directly between the wide-spread paws. The jaguar lunged blindly and fell over into a hollow. While Grey reloaded the clips the jaguar dragged himself into the gloom of the darkening jungle.

Crocodiles invaded their camps at night and their bodies were tortured by mosquitoes and huge, vicious ticks. George Allen became very ill and Pepe fell victim to some kind of sickness. For days they drifted in the scorching sun, and sometimes at night. They saw wild cattle stuck in the mud at the rivers edge, that in many cases, had gone mad from the torture of the ticks inside their ears.

Once Grey, while trying to rescue Allen and Pepe, who had been treed by peccaries, found himself perched precariously over scores of the ill-tempered beasts. Poised on a dangerously swaying branch he began to kill the peccaries. Finally he realized such tactics were useless and dropped the rifle. Then the limb on which he was sitting began to split from the tree. His life was saved when Pepe fired the grass and consequently the jungle. The peccaries fled. So did the trio of explorers.

Colonel Buffalo Jones.

Another time a wounded jaguar almost climbed into the boat with Pepe, and there were anxious moments. They finally arrived at Panuco, having done what no white man, and possibly not even a native, had ever done before.

Zane Grey was not satisfied to be an armchair explorer and adventurer. Before he wrote about an area, he visited it. Sometimes the trips involved weeks of traveling over the most difficult terrain, and often at a cost of thousands of dollars. He wrote *Robber's Roost* only after making a hard trip into the nearly inaccessible canyon country of Utah, and *Thunder Mountain* only after spending weeks in the mountains of Idaho.

Today speed boats can take a person within a few minutes walk of the towering Rainbow Bridge called Nonnezoshe by the Indians. The Navajos still worshipped it as a god when Zane Grey hired trader John Witherill and a Navajo named Nas ta Bega to lead him to the stone bridge. It took days of hard

(Continued on Page 57)

Jim Emett, great friend of Zane Grey.

Silent he was, and incredibly deadly, and no man could follow his trail in the night. But there was one sure way to trap the phantom —if a man dared try it!

BRAND OF THE LAWLESS

by TOM CURRY

THE DOOR, closed to keep out the July heat, crashed so violently the latch lifter ripped a long splinter from the wooden wall.

Caley's booted feet, crossed on his desk top, hit the floor hard, too. Rudely startled from a pleasant afternoon siesta, he blinked the sleep from his blue eyes, focusing them on the visitor. He was impressed.

The man was portly, belly pushing out a fancy vest crossed by a heavy gold watch chain. Obviously he was a man not only of physical but worldly substance; nobody wore such duds otherwise. His Stetson would retail at $100, while under its curved brim, his broad face, pink as a prairie rose, showed the effects of fine liquors and provender. Whipcord pants were tucked into Spanish leather riding boots. Such footgear wasn't made for marathon walks, and the boots had just had a hard time of it.

"Yes, *sir!*" While not subservient, Caley felt such a personage rated extra attention, if only for political reasons.

The man hurled his expensive saddle into a corner, swore, and drawing a silk kerchief, wiped his angry face. From a side pocket of his handsome jacket he jerked a length of pleated rope lariat tied to a stake pin at one end. The metal clanged as it threw it on the desk.

Caley's eyes widened a bit but he said nothing. For one thing, his visitor was already at it, in a loud, irritated voice. "You the sheriff of this gawd-forsaken county, sir?"

"Yes sir. Name's Ed Caley. Held office for eight years—"

"You won't hold it much longer, unless you clear your county of horse thieves! A citizen should be able to sleep on the trail without having his mount stolen. I warn you, you ain't dealing with an ordinary citizen. My brother-in-law is Governor of this territory."

It sounded like a threat but Caley let it slide, and the big man said, "I am Mortimer P. Fanning." He sank with a disgusted grunt into the spare chair, still mopping at his brow.

"Tell me what happened, Mr. Fanning."

"I buy and sell large ranches, sir." The way he said "sir" wasn't the way Caley used it; it was indignant. "I purchase a property and sell at a profit."

"*I bet!*" But Caley didn't say it aloud.

"Anyhow, I'm on my way to the capital from Morrisville. Last night I camped on Elk Creek, this side of the divide. When I woke this morning, my horse was gone. Picket rope cut."

Caley glanced again at the lariat length; he'd decided it hadn't been cut, but chewed, the frayed ends showed that. But he didn't contradict Fanning, who seemed to hold him responsible for the whole deal.

"Tracks?" he inquired.

"None. Ground was hard but in

couple places I detected large wolf prints. My stallion," he continued, "is of the best Arabian strain, black with white hocks on all but the left hind leg, and he cost four thousand dollars. Now, I'm going to the hotel, bathe, eat and sleep. In the morning I'll buy the best crowbait available in your prairie dog village and hustle on, for I have an important appointment. I bid you good afternoon, sir."

At the doorway he turned, still scowling, and said icily, "Find my horse, understand?"

Caley waited till Fanning was gone, then opened the desk drawer and tossed the stake pin and rope into it.

There were six others just like it in the drawer. But none of the others who'd had their mounts stolen had been so high and mighty as Mr. Mortimer P. Fanning. However, Caley had been out to the area on three occasions without the slightest luck.

A mystery. Wolf tracks had been reported before, but if a large praire wolf gnawed through a rope only a few feet away, any horse in its right mind would have been terrified and raised such a ruckus, the owner would surely have been aroused.

He sighed deeply. Well, he'd try again, futile as it was. He checked his Winchester carbine, dropped spare shells in a pocket, and went over to the livery. He filled a canteen with fresh water, secured his bedroll, and paused at the Emporium for trail rations, riding his big pet buckskin gelding.

As the sun set behind the western mountains, he camped by Elk Creek, moodily staked the buckskin with his forty-foot lariat so the animal could graze on a stand of tall bluestem growing back from the trees lining the stream. He made his fire, heated water for coffee, and chewed on dry meat and biscuits. He threw his bed under a branching liveoak, and lay there for a long while, head on the saddle, trying to figure it. But he couldn't and finally he drifted off.

He jumped awake. In his business, a sound sleeper was as good as dead on a trail. A gray light had paled the stars, first dawn had come over the wilderness. He sat up, yawning, rose and started to the creek to wash up, when he glanced toward the spot where he'd staked the buckskin.

His horse was gone. Caley snatched his carbine from the saddle boot, levered a cartridge into the firing chamber, and ran out. There was his stake pin, firmly embedded and with several feet of line tied to it—but nothing at the other end. A slope cut off vision to the northwest, and he lurched up it at a horseman's awkward gait.

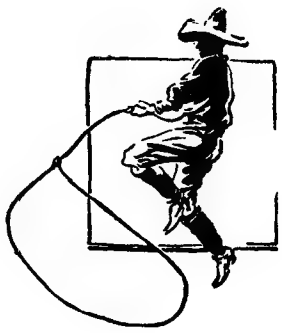
When he reached the summit, he saw the buckskin slowly trotting away. Next he spied what was leading the animal, and raised his rifle, then thought better of it and put two fingers to his lips, whistling shrilly. The buckskin was trained to respond to this signal and he stopped.

The rope tightened. The dog—for it was a dog—turned and tugged valiantly, but large as he was, couldn't budge the horse, who seemed undecided. Caley knew there was an affinity between horses and many dogs; they would run together and share the same stall. He hurried on, whistling, and finally, his breath coming hard, reached his mount and snatched the bridle with sigh of relief.

A croaked snarl made him swing; the dog was a big one, his yellowish hide scarred here and there by whip welts. He was crouched, ready to spring, throat vibrating with threatening growls. Caley quickly looped the rein around his left arm and raised the carbine, upon which the dog stopped growling, rolled over and lay with his front paws dangling.

"Quitter, eh!" Caley heard himself say, instantly realizing it was ridiculous. But some dogs did know what a gun was.

Carefully he approached, ready to shoot, for he had seen men die from hydrophobia and there could be no worse fate.



A strap around the dog's neck served as a collar. Gingerly ready to leap back, the man tied the frayed lariat end to this; the line was still damp where the dog had chewed through it.

Holding to the other end, he climbed aboard and rode bareback to his camp, where he saddled up and headed for town.

He was in his office that afternoon when Johnny Ince came in, slapped him on the back, and set a bottle on the desk. Ince was Caley's age; they'd fished and fought through grade school together, and later, Johnny had stolen Ed's sweetheart, meaning to marry her till she ran off with a gun drummer from Denver. And Ince was Caley's best deputy when needed.

"Luck in Durango, Ed! Made a fine profit. But it's good to get home. Let's celebrate." Ince uncorked the flask.

As he hitched his chair around, Johnny happened to glance back at the cell in the rear. "Hey! That's a dog in there!"

"He's a horse thief. Tried to run off so I locked him up."

They'd had plenty laughs together, but Caley had never seen his pard so hard hit by mirth. Ince slapped his knees and tears came to his eyes, his breath reduced to gasps. Finally he rose and went to look in at the captive, who sat on his haunches, a woebegone look on his jowled face, the great brown eyes filled with an ineffable sadness.

"Looks like his ma got too familiar with a bloodhound," remarked Ince. "Big 'un, ain't he? The Indians used such critters to draw travois 'fore they had any horses." As he turned away, he said solemnly, "I'd organize a lynch party, only you never lost a prisoner."

Back at the bottle, Caley told his pal the story.

"I been trying to figger my next move," he admitted, "but I'm stumped. I didn't see any smoke or sign the way he was headed, though the mountains cut me off. Anyhow, that's the end of my jurisdiction."

Ince thought it over as they drank and smoked. "Know what? When I was headed west, I spied wagons, off in the distance, looked like range gypsies, wolfers or bone pickers maybe. And they were still camped there when I rode back ten days later."

Caley chewed it over. "Huh! It's loco but maybe you hit something. Such cusses usually move a lot, and you can teach a smart dog most anything, I reckon. You got time to ride out with me first thing tomorrow?"

Ince had. As they left the jail, the dog whined, but the sheriff shut and locked the door. The two friends strolled over to Margie's on the plaza, where they ate their fill of steak and fried potatoes. As they made ready to leave, Ince asked, "Don't you usually feed the poor cusses you got locked up, Ed?"

Caley signaled Susan, the pert young waitress whom both men were sparking. "Fetch me a big pan of scraps, meat, bones, any garbage like that, honey."

As she looked puzzled, Ince said, "It's for his prisoner, dear." After that, it took some explaining before she obeyed.

The dog wolfed everything and licked the pan. Caley filled it with water and the animal was thirsty. Both men were tired, and Ince soon left, while the sheriff took off his hat, boots and gunbelt, and stretched out on his cot.

Just as he was dropping off, the dog began to whine.

"Shucks, I forgot," muttered Caley. He rose, unlocked the cell, and roping the captive, took him outside. When they were back inside, Caley shut the door and the dog trotted to the bed,

jumped up and curled himself on it.

There wasn't room for the man to stretch his long legs, so finally they compromised, Caley putting a horse blanket on the floor by him. The dog snored but so did Caley, so everybody was happy. . .

Caley approached the wagon camp from behind a stand of spruce. He'd sent Ince around to come up from the other flank. The vehicles were old, with tattered canvas tops. A fire smoked in a big pit, and there were nine or ten slatternly females working around as the officer pushed the buckskin into the

perimeter. A couple of the women set up shrill warning cries, pointing at the big dog, which Caley had fetched along on a rope.

Two men snatched up rifles and jumped from beneath wagons, starting at him.

"Drop 'em!" Caley warned sternly, carbine levelled, and the dirty, bearded toughs obeyed, raising their hands. A gunshot split the warm afternoon air, then another, and Ince sang out, "Watch out, Ed, watch—" but suddenly broke off.

A big fellow rushed around the farthest wagon, black beard bristling, eyes sparking red fury. He was to Caley's rear and just as the officer started to turn, one of the other wolfers dove for his rifle, so Caley wasted a breath to put a slug through the man's shoulder.

He'd have died the next instant, for Blacky had a steady bead on him, but the dog suddenly went into action. Snarling, he rushed straight at the leader, springing at him, knocking the rifle muzzle aside so the long bullet sang a foot from Caley's ear. Then the sheriff threw a cool, steady one between the flaming eyes. The dog leaped on the man as he fell and bit savagely at him; he seemed to have a special hate for the man.

Caley herded the cowed wolfers against the wagons and said, "You folks pack and git, savvy? If you're here when I come back with a posse, you'll all be arrested." Nearby he saw a pole corral with a dozen horses in it. One was a tall Arab with three white hocks, no doubt Mr. Mortimer P. Fanning's property, and others looked like descriptions given him by various less important victims.

Anxious about Ince, he circled and found his deputy sitting up, swearing and rubbing his head. A bullet had ventilated his hat, furrowing the scalp, but it wasn't a serious wound.

As quickly as possible they roped and lined out the recovered horses and started home; the sheriff judged there were several more men, probably off hunting, so he decided not to waste any more time.

Next evening they again ate at Margie's. Ince had a sore head, bandaged by Doc Lewis, but hadn't lost his appetite. However, he was tired out, and after dinner, he went on home. Caley took back a pan of scraps for the dog, who licked his hand before falling to, wagging his long yellow tail.

It was still daylight when Caley led the dog to the open door. "Go on. I'm letting you out on probation. After this, stay on the side of the Law."

The dog just looked up at him, and Caley shoved him out on the low stoop. The animal tried to come back in so Caley feigned to draw his gun, upon which the dog hung his head, put his tail between his legs, and started slowly up the dusty street. He kept looking back but the sheriff slammed the door.

Caley yawned; it had been a hard run. He took off his outer garments and stretched out on the bed.

A few minutes later he was startled by gunshots and shouts up the line. He leaped up, strapped on his gunbelt, and threw open the door. Looking toward the commotion, he saw a saddled paint horse being led toward the jail by the dog, who held one end of the mustang's rein and was fetching the prize back to his new friend.

A few yards to the rear came a furious cowboy, trying to catch up with his stolen mount, yelling and firing his Colt in the air.

Caley groaned as he realized he had a lifer to share his quarters.

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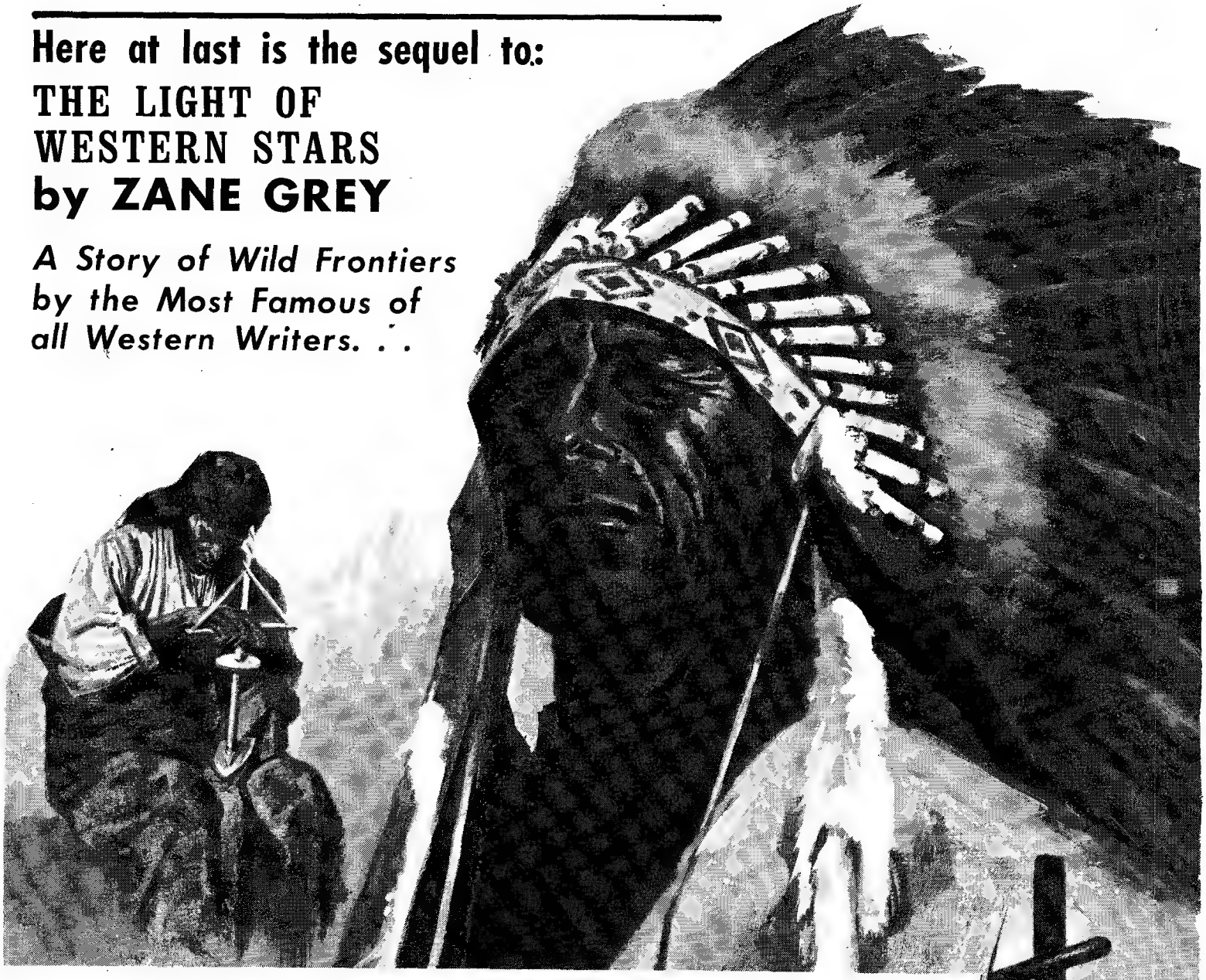

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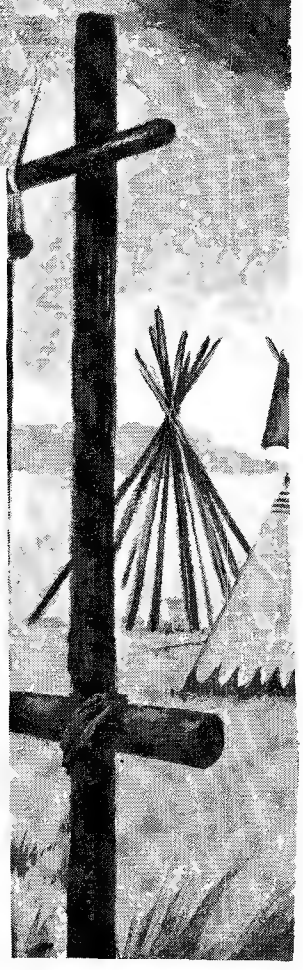
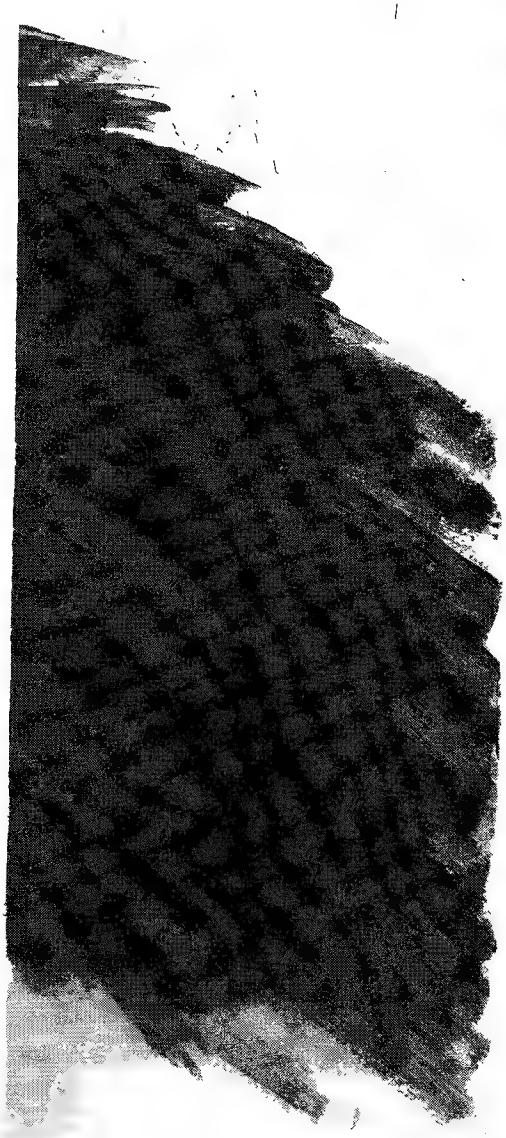
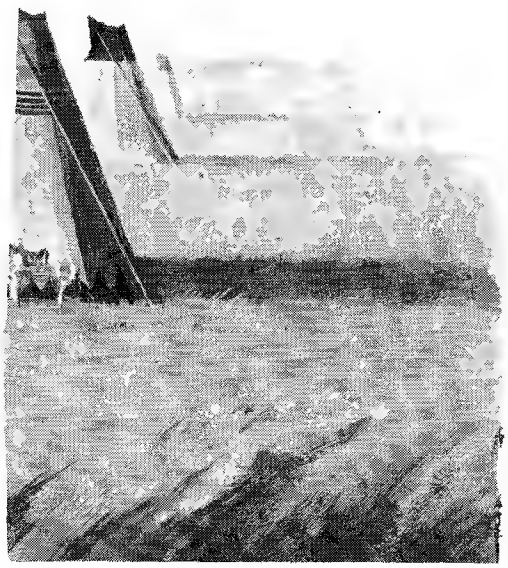
THE CALL OF THE WAR DRUMS

by ROMER ZANE GREY



The man called Chris nodded. The blood of mighty Sioux warriors was in his veins and he would need his heritage this night. For he must, a despised "breed," save a beautiful white girl—or die on the trail!





As her train jolted to a stop at El Cajon, Helen Hammond peered eagerly from the grimy window.

Yes, there were the low, flat adobes, the scrofulous plaza, the beautiful little chapel, its cross the highest point in the New Mexican settlement. Ragged brown children gaped at the train, for its arrival was a feature of the day. Goats and pigs wandered about, and yellow hounds slept in what shade they could find, for the sun was hot as it neared its zenith in the clear sky.

A few loafers, serapes drawn about them, immense straw sombreros all but hiding them, leaned against the shady sides of the mud walls, enjoying the midday siesta.

Then she saw her brother Alfred and beside him the diminutive Link Stevens, watching expectantly for her.

A sense of happiness, of peace came over her. She felt as though she had finally come home after a miserable journey, though she had only been in the lovely land a few years before, during a visit to her sister Madeline, for a comparatively short time.

When she'd gone back to the glittering society of New York, she'd believed *that* was her home. To her astonishment she'd found she was bored, and a trip to London and Paris had not helped. She kept dreaming of the vast wastes of lonely, rugged space, the arched vault of the azure heavens, the mountain peaks looming in the distance.

And above all, she remembered the strong, bronzed men who had tamed the wilderness, comparing the Westerners to the effete playboys of high society. At last she'd admitted to herself that what she really wanted was to go back to New Mexico.

Alfred and Link Stevens jumped on the train steps and hurried down the aisle, her tall brother shouting a hearty welcome, Link grinning and waddling on his bowlegs behind Hammond.

She raised her dust veil and stood up. Alfred seized her in a bear hug and kissed her. "Sis! Mighty glad! Just couldn't wait to see you again."

Helen returned his embrace, and as Link reached up to take her suitcases from the rack, Helen smiled and kissed his whiskered cheek. The cowboy gulped, reddening with pleasured embarrassment.

It was a royal welcome, and Helen thought how different her arrival was to Madeline's, who had come late at night to a deserted station. A drunken cowboy had staggered in, seized Madeline and forced a priest to conduct what Madeline had believed to be a mock wedding ceremony. Later, when she'd come to love Gene Stewart, the cowboy, Madeline had learned she had really been married at that time. . .

"We'll go to Florence's sister's in town here, clean up, have lunch and rest till the worst of the heat has passed," said Alfred, as he lifted her to the platform. "Give me your baggage checks and the boys'll take your trunks out in the ranch wagon."

A low-sided vehicle, two brown geldings hitched to it, waited nearby. Alfred signaled a tall cowboy, who hurried over. "This is Matt Hall, Helen, yard boss at Madeline and Gene's."

Hall swept off his curved-brim Stetson. He had a nice smile, thought Helen, who liked men. He kept smiling as he greeted her very politely, his blue eyes on her pretty, rosy-cheeked face. As a man will, in a glance he took in her slender, feminine figure, her large, long-lashed brown eyes, and self-consciously, Helen pushed back wisps of brown hair which had escaped from under her hat.

Helen Hammond was worth a second look, and more. She was in the prime of young womanhood, and as she put her small hand in Hall's big one, a bit of the coquette showed in her animated features.

Alfred passed the baggage checks to Hall, who turned and sang out, "You, Chris! Over here. Hop to it."

Link tossed her suitcases into the back of the wagon, except for a light bag Helen kept with her.

The man who'd been on the seat got down and came over, and Hall said gruffly, "Pick out the right trunks. I'll fetch the team around."

As Helen glanced at Chris, she couldn't restrain a gasp. He was six-feet-four, a powerful chest tapering to a slim waist. He seemed too large for the Levi's he wore, and muscles bulged in his arms, hardly contained by his short-sleeved gray shirt.

But it was chiefly his face which attracted her, as a magnet draws steel. It seemed chiseled from red bronze; his jaw was firm, and health glowed in his smooth cheeks. His hair was black, his eyes even darker.

"This is Chris Oliver," said Alfred.

Oliver touched his hat brim, and for a moment, the girl met his clear eyes. They were devoid of expression, but Helen felt an electric thrill that was almost a delicious dread.

Chris Oliver moved toward the baggage car, and she couldn't help watching him. He glided with pantherish grace.

"He's a breed," she heard Matt Hall saying. "Strong as a range bull."

Alfred and Link led her to the car and helped her in. She looked around and saw Hall backing the wagon to the high platform where baggage had been unloaded. Chris Oliver lifted one of her large trunks as though it contained feathers rather than two hundred pounds of clothing, gear and gifts Helen had brought for her sister and friends. The big man set the trunk gently down in the wagon bed.

Link was muttering to himself as he cranked the car, which was balky at the moment. Alfred sat in the rear seat with his sister, who asked, "Chris Oliver, who is he?"

"He's one of Gene's hands. Great with horses."

"Matt Hall said he was a breed."

"Yes, he's part Apache. The missionaries sent him to college, though, so he's not ignorant. He's very quiet, hasn't much to say for himself. Madeline wanted to come meet you, too, but the new baby's only a month old and the doctor ordered her to take it easy. Gene's delivering a herd in Arizona, but he'll be home in a couple of days. Florence sends her love; she had to stay home and mind the kids."

The car finally sputtered and began firing. As it rattled along the dusty road, brother and sister chatted of many things.

Helen saw the ranch wagon leaving, Matt Hall at the reins, Chris Oliver on the wide seat. She thought Oliver was looking her way, and had a strange sensation his farseeing eyes were fixed on her.

Florence's sister's home was not far away. Helen was happy to wash the travel dust away and slip on a fresh light gown. By the time she was ready, wine was being poured in the living room, and lunch was being prepared by a Mexican woman.

After a leisurely meal, Helen Hammond went to lie down, as did the others. In two or three hours, they would start for the ranch.

That afternoon they took their leave. Link Stevens was at the wheel, Helen and Alfred in the back seat. There was so much to talk about, news to exchange, that the miles rolled off swiftly, dust swirls marking the automobile's passage.

The rutted dirt track curved between two frowning rock walls. Suddenly Link applied the brake and Helen was thrown forward but Alfred caught her arm.

When she looked ahead, she saw several large boulders blocked the road. Link said in surprise, "Huh, I never knew rock falls to roll this far out!" He got down, took a steel tool, and went to lever the stones off to clear a passage for the car.

"I better give him a hand," Alfred said, as he saw Link straining at a heavy boulder.

As he rose to get down, explosions crackled in the warm air. It was a moment before Helen realized they were gunshots, and she had a brief impression of bluish smoke puffs from the low brush lining the road.

Link Stevens flexed back, dropping the tool, turned, and fell hard on the baked ground. Helen's scream froze in her throat as Alfred gave an agonized cry that suddenly broke off; his hat had flipped from his head, and he slumped by the rear wheel of the car.

"Alfred—Link—"

Gasping with horror, Helen jumped from the car and knelt by her brother. Alfred's eyes stared vacantly ahead and a trickle of blood dribbled down his left cheek.

"Alfred!" she quavered, picking up his hand.

Several lithe figures materialized, as though from nowhere; they had come around the car. She knew they were Indians, probably Apaches. They wore knee-high leather moccasins, their lean brown torsos naked to the flapping breechclout. Each carried a carbine, and snakeskins banded their straight black hair.

Still kneeling by her brother, whose head lolled on one shoulder, Helen was seized from behind. A hand was clapped over her lips, stifling her cry. She fought, kicked, tried to bite, but she was helpless. The sinewy arms wrapping her held her as though in a vise.

Another man slapped a dirty cloth over her face, covering her eyes. It was tied tightly behind her neck, and she could hardly breathe, let alone see anything. Then she was swept up, and her wrists and ankles roughly thonged.

Her cries were muffled by the blindfold. She heard horses coming up, and then she was slung like a sack of meal over the blanketed back of a quivering mustang. Grunts in an unknown tongue came to her, and then the horse lunged forward, Helen jouncing up and down as the riders picked up speed.

She could feel the Indian riding with her, and could smell him, the scent of bear grease and sweat mingling unpleasantly. Her breath was jolted from her and she was bruised from the rough handling.

Now and again her captors would exchange a word or two in their unintelligible jargon.

On and on, and Helen Hammond suffered in a confused horror.

There seemed no end to the nightmare; the horses slowed as they kept climbing steep slopes, stones clacking under the hoofs.

She had heard fearful accounts of what such Indians did to captive white women.

She couldn't guess how far they'd come before the horse under her stopped, and the Apache holding her jumped off. She was dumped down unceremoniously. Her hands were fastened behind her and she felt what seemed a stable blanket; it smelled like that.

The blindfold was snatched away, and now she could see. Two of the savages squatted by her, cruel knives in hand. She was in a small hut made of rough adobe, the roof of thorned brush; there was a low doorway but no windows.

The Apaches scowled at her and raised their glittering blades. She expected they meant to kill her, but they only slashed off the rawhide

bonds, freeing her wrists and ankles. She was sore and bruised and her limbs prickled as circulation was fully restored. The men rose, their black-haired pates brushing the ceiling; both wore snakeskin headbands. She managed to push herself up and lean back against the crumbling mud wall.

Tension mounted in Helen as she stared up at the cruel faces.

Then the Indians turned and ducked through the low doorway. They remained nearby outside, as though on guard, and before long, she caught the odor of tobacco burning. The Apaches had lighted pipes and were jabbering together.

Tears came to her smarting eyes as she thought of Alfred; she was sure her brother had been killed, and poor Link Stevens, too. She'd never see Madeline again, she was convinced of that. Not long ago, Helen Hammond had been a spoiled darling of high society, whose every whim was gratified; now—Sobs shook her as she realized what a horrible fate might be in store for her.

II

CHRIS OLIVER brought the wagon to a stop in front of the Stewart's big hacienda and set the hand brake.

Madeline Hammond Stewart, holding her new infant in her arms, stood on the long veranda, smiling expectantly as Matt Hall jumped down and saluted her. Chris Oliver had always thought the mistress of the ranch was the most beautiful woman he had ever seen. But now in his mind he corrected this, for he had looked upon her younger sister in El Cajon. He'd been unable to dismiss Helen Hammond from his young mind. He knew he was loco, as the white lords of the land put it, to dream of such a girl, as far beyond his reach as the billiant stars in the Western skies.

"All's well, ma'am," reported Matt Hall. "You sister and brother went to eat and rest. Then Link 'll fetch 'em out."

"I'm so glad. It must have been a tiring trip for Helen."

If possible, Madeline was even lovelier than when she had arrived in New Mexico. Her love for Gene Stewart and their pretty children had brought her such happiness, she could scarcely believe her good fortune.

Bill Stillwell sat in a rocking chair nearby. His huge face was a maze of wrinkles, and it seemed his great bulk had shrunk somewhat with age. He sat more in the chair than he did in the saddle these days, but he still enjoyed life.

He loved to amuse and play with the little ones. He was holding young Madeline, who was three, on his lap, while Gene, Junior, who had celebrated his fourth birthday not long ago, was riding up and down the long porch on a wooden hobbyhorse Stillwell had painstakingly carved for him.

Chris Oliver saw the old man was watching him with a veiled, dormant hostility, as he always did, for Stillwell had come to the wild region before the Apaches had been subdued. He'd fought them and he would never change, Chris Oliver realized, any more than the elderly Indians, once masters of the desert all the way to the Sierra Madre in Mexico, could quench their hatred for the *Pinda Lick-o-yi*, the "white eyes," who had taken it from them in a running war, no quarter given or asked. A war that had lasted for over twenty years. Stillwell hated Apaches and that was all there was to it.

Chris Oliver was heavier and taller than the average Apache. He knew his father's mother had been a white girl kidnaped by his grandfather chief in a raid on a ranch. Oliver had been raised in a mountain rancheria, and until the missionaries had picked him out as a promising lad, he'd known only the Indian way of life. The missionaries had been good to him; a kindly Quaker had adopted the boy, and finding him of more than average intelligence, schooled him and sent him to an Indian college.

But the high hopes he'd entertained of entering the white world as a peer had been dashed. Even with his education, he'd found only the lowliest work open to any Indian. He might have worked at one of the agencies, but he'd been driven by a sincere desire to lift his people to a higher civilization.

"You, Chris! Don't just stand there. Unload that stuff and put the things where Mrs. Stewart shows you!"

Matt Hall spoke to him with a contempt he never tried to veil, and somehow, Oliver resented this more than he did the ancient Stillwell's attitude. Stillwell had some reason for it, but Matt Hall was only a year or two older than Chris. But Oliver had found it best to keep quiet and hide his emotions, easy enough for an Indian.

Many whites looked down on his people. The Boss, Mr. Gene Stewart, was kind to him and paid him better than average. Chris Oliver loved horses, and the ranch animals were above average.

He carried Helen Hammond's trunks and other luggage into a large bedroom as Mrs. Stewart directed. The windows gave out on a patio, which had flower

gardens and a fountain playing on a marble statue in it.

This done, he drove the team around to the rear, unhitched and rubbed down the horses, watered them and turned them into one of the pens and put up the wagon. There were a number of outbuildings, barns and stables, a long bunkhouse, a chicken run, a series of corrals. The Stewarts kept several milch cows, too.

Down the line, Oliver's beautiful paint stallion nickered to him, and his grim lips softened; he loved the animal, and had paid six months wages for him. The pinto returned the man's affection.

He washed at a trough. As he started over to the bunkhouse, his keen ears caught the distant drum of hoofs, and he turned, glancing westward. A rider was coming in, fast. Chris Oliver made a cigarette and lit it, lounging in the shade outside, waiting for the horseman.

Matt Hall came around the end of the great hacienda, saw Chris Oliver and frowned. "What're you loafing for? Get over there and give Kenny a hand with them new broncos!"

"Mr. Stewart's coming."

"You're loco! He won't be back for a couple more days."

But Hall swung to watch. Oliver stayed, too, and after a while, Gene Stewart rode up on a great black horse, leathered, dusty. "Huh! It *is* the Boss. Go take his horse."

Chris Oliver hurried out and caught the rein as Gene Stewart swung a long leg off his sweated saddle. Tall, with a sharp, rawboned face, his dark hair was matted under his Stetson, and grit stuck to his flesh.

Madeline laughed with joy as she returned his embrace. "I didn't expect you till tomorrow at the earliest, Gene."

"The deal went quicker than I expected. I left the boys to come back with Frankie. Is Helen here?"

"No, but she's due any minute now."

"Howdy, sir," sang out Matt Hall. "Have a good trip?"

Stewart waved. Hall was ever trying to impress the Boss.

"I'll take good care of your horse," Hall said. He frowned at Oliver, who held the jaded black's rein, and was

staring southward at the azure vault of the sky. "Move, you stupid breed," he said under his breath, so nobody but Chris Oliver could hear.

But Oliver called, "Senor Stewart! I see smoke."

Gene Stewart came down, looking at Oliver inquiringly.

"Where?" he asked, and Oliver pointed. Stewart shook his head, then took the powerful binoculars from the saddle case and focused them. "You're right. Not much but—maybe the car broke down and they're signaling. Matt, get three of the boys and a buckboard. Chris, turn my black in, fetch me another mount and pick up your own."

"What's wrong?" Madeline called anxiously from the porch.

"Nothing, sweetheart. I'm going to meet Helen. Link may have had some trouble with that old wreck of a car."

Within a few minutes Gene Stewart and Chris Oliver rode out. Oliver admired Stewart for the way he handled a horse; he was as good as an Apache. Oliver had saddled his pinto, and the two men picked up speed, the ground rolling away under the beating hoofs, wind whistling in their ears as they rode low over the withers.

"Can you still see it?" asked Stewart after a time.

"No. It has burned out."

Not far ahead was a narrows where the road curved, and suddenly Gene Stewart swore, dug in his spurs, spurting ahead. As he jumped down, dropping rein, Oliver joined him, and they hurried to the man who lay unmoving in the sandy red dirt, face down, hat gone, and they could see the crusted blood in his hair.

"Alfred!" cried Stewart, kneeling by his brother-in-law.

Within arm's length was a small blackened patch where a dry sotol bush had burned.

"He must have lit it to signal before he—" Stewart broke off; he couldn't bear to say Alfred had died.

With Oliver's help, he rolled Hammond over on his back and felt inside his stained shirt for a heartbeat. He swore with some relief. "He's not gone yet! But where's the car with Helen and Link?"

Chris Oliver loped toward the gap. The sign told him that Alfred Hammond had staggered and crawled to the point where he'd managed to fire the brush. Then Oliver sighted the car, blocked by large rocks in the road.

Another man lay by a big boulder, and Oliver saw it was Link Stevens. He checked Stevens, shook his head sadly, and began looking for Helen Hammond.

She wasn't in the car, and as he read the sign, his heart jumped with dread. He ran back to Stewart, who was pouring sips of water from a canteen between Alfred's parted lips, wiping his face.

"The car's there, Mr. Stewart. And Link, he's dying. But Senorita Hammond has been carried off by Apaches."

Gene Stewart scowled up at him; he pointed back toward the ranch, and the approaching dust showed the buckboard and cowboys coming up.

Now Oliver hurried off again, ranging around, studying the sign, figuring what had happened, as Stewart headed toward the car.

After a time, he heard Matt Hall bawling at him. "You, Chris! Come

back here!" Matt Hall had his hands up, using them as a megaphone.

Oliver moved back to the automobile. Four riders had accompanied the buckboard, and they had lifted Alfred into it.

As Oliver passed Hall, the straw boss said in a low but virulent voice, "Who told you to go flitting around like a coyote?"

Chris Oliver said nothing but joined Stewart, who squatted beside Stevens. Link whispered hoarsely, "Apaches!"

"Take it easy, Link," said Gene Stewart. "We'll run you home and patch you up good as new."

He knew he was talking through his hat and so did Oliver, for a glance told them Link Stevens was past saving. A rifle bullet had ripped through him from side to side, and high up, close to the heart; another had shattered several ribs, and Link's life blood was being sucked up by the thirsty soil.

Chris Oliver hung his head, sadly; he'd liked Stevens, a hearty soul and a top fighting man. He also knew why Link had managed to stay alive until he could give Stewart a final report. An Apache would have done that. Most men would have expired before, and now Stevens gave a last shudder, relaxing in death.

To occupy himself, Oliver began singlehandedly rolling aside the huge boulders blocking the automobile. The buckboard driver sang out, "Hammond's coming to, Mr. Stewart."

Seeing there was nothing more to be done for Stevens, Gene Stewart said shortly, "See to Link's body, Matt," and trotted back to the wagon, climbing in by Alfred. He drew a silver flask from his pocket and held it to Hammond's lips. After a swig of the whiskey, Hammond shivered, and Stewart gave him another drink.

As Chris Oliver reached the buckboard, he heard Stewart say, "You got a little head crease, Al," in a comforting voice. "The blood's clotted. We'll run you back and send for Doc. Don't try to talk much, save your strength. But it was Apaches, wasn't it?"

Hammond nodded. "Yes, Apaches. I managed—"

It wasn't necessary to tell Stewart and Oliver more than that. Stunned for a while, Alfred Hammond had found enough strength to crawl a short distance toward the ranch. Realizing he was going to pass out again, he'd struck a match and touched off the dead bush as a signal.

Matt Hall could run the car; he cranked it, and it started easily enough. He drove it to the buckboard, and Hammond was lifted into it. The cowboys took the wagon to load in Link's body.

The valley floor was a vast red waste, broken here and there by great outcrops of rock. In the hot sky loomed mountains, the Peloncillos, the Chiricahuas, the Guadeloupes, ranges named by the Spaniards, the first white invaders. Greasewood, and cactus of all shapes, patches of grama grass, dotted this desert world.

Stewart could handle the automobile, and he took the wheel from Hall, with Hammond propped on the front seat by him. Stewart started back to the ranch, so as to get Hammond there as quickly as possible.

Chris Oliver picked up his pinto, and swung into the saddle; he started to ride west, intending to follow the sign as far as he could before night set in. But Matt Hall sang out angrily to him and he turned back.

"Where you think *you're* going?" demanded Hall, face red. "Your folks killed poor old Link and kidnaped Mrs. Stewart's sister! What you aim to do, join up with 'em?" He spoke with savage hatred, and his hand dropped to his holstered Colt as he scowled up at Oliver. "G'wan, get on back or I'll let you have it."

Chris Oliver shrugged; he turned the paint horse and galloped after the car.

A million stairs twinkled in the sky as they reached the Stewart ranch. Lights were on, and Madeline anxiously awaited them. Bill Stillwell was doing his best to calm her. Mexican servants had fed the children and put them to bed.

Alfred Hammond wasn't seriously

wounded. He could walk, though Gene Stewart insisted two men hold his arms and see him to a bedroom. Madeline looked up pitifully at her husband as he took her in his arms.

"Sweetheart, be brave. Helen's been kidnaped but that doesn't mean she's been harmed. Whoever took her will demand ransom. We'll pay it and get her back safe and sound."

Chris Oliver had put up his horse, then come silently back, waiting in shadow, keeping away from Matt Hall and the other men, who stood in the shaft of light from the front door, smoking and talking in low voices.

After while, Stewart came out. He stood on the stoop as he spoke. "We can't track 'em tonight, boys. But we'll be there at crack of dawn, pick up the sign. Eat, get some sleep, and be ready to take off. I'll want Chris Oliver; he's the best tracker we got."

Matt Hall spoke up. "I'll bet the cusses are from the Eagle's rancheria; it ain't but a few miles off in the mountains. How'd they savvy Mrs. Stewart's sister was coming, Boss? Somebody here must've tipped 'em off. We're the only ones knew what time Miss Helen would come. The Apaches were told exactly. I never did trust that breed!"

"Wait," snapped Stewart. "It sounds to me like you're accusing Chris Oliver!"

Hall crawfished. "Well, not exactly. I only say it's mighty queer. He's the Eagle's son, ain't he?"

Chris Oliver glided in; he didn't look at Hall, but spoke to Stewart.

"It wasn't my people," he said firmly. "They'll never war again with the Americans."

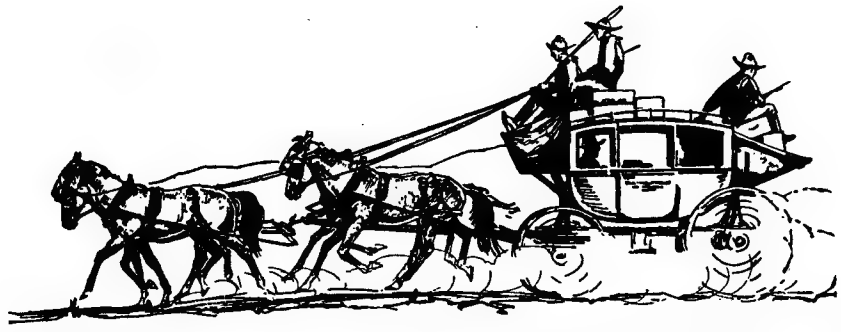
"Still, Link and Senor Hammond say they were Apaches."

"Bronco Apaches, outlaws who have sworn to fight to the death. They hide in the Sierra Madre in Mexico, raid, steal women and kill. There are a few old ones left and sometimes a fool young brave will run off to join them."

The Apache tribes had learned a bitter lesson. They had fought hard under Cochise, Nana, Mangus Colorado, Geronimo and other chiefs. For decades a mere handful had kept the United States Army busy, before final surrender. Many had been shipped like cattle to die in Florida, others restricted to arid reservations, where they were bilked by thieving agents.

The Broncos were diehards; they lurked in untracked wilderness south of the Border, waging the endless war against the Mexicans. Once the Mexican government had to pay $100 for an Apache brave's scalp and $50 for a squaw's hair, but all this was history.

Gene Stewart gave orders. They'd move out before dawn, with arms and trail rations. The boss was exhausted;



he'd ridden hard all day to reach home and then had to hurry to the spot where Helen had been kidnaped. He went into the house, to eat and sleep.

Soon the men turned in. Oliver's bunk was near the entrance. He removed his boots, hat and gunbelt, and stretched on his back. He lay thinking for a while, picturing the pretty, animated face of Helen Hammond. He could imagine her terror when she'd been snatched up and carried off. If those bronco devils had hurt her—his big fists clenched. Finally he drifted off. . .

He jumped awake. Some inborn instinct inherited from savage ancestors warned him but scarcely in time. But somehow he managed to deflect the glinting long knife driving down at his heart.

The point ripped his shirt, slashing down his ribs. He snatched the thick wrist and with a mighty wrench, twisted so the man grunted in pain, letting the knife fly off.

Oliver could make out few details in the gloom, the squat shape, the black blob of the face, for the killer was masked with a bandana. He brought up a foot and planted it in the man's belly, straightening his legs, shoving so hard the man lost his balance and fell to the floor.

He came up in a crouch and Chris Oliver heard the *cluck-cluck* of a cocking revolver, but he was already scrabbling off as the gun flamed and roared. Then he burst from the door, swerving aside in the nick of time as a second slug shrieked through the opening.

Barefooted, he ran like an antelope past the corrals. He felt blood wetting his side, and the wound stung, but he did not pause. He sang out softly to his pinto, who came trotting to him.

The moon was breaking over the horizon and the myriad stars gave him enough light to open the gate and seize the rope halter; he could ride bareback as well as in a saddle, and he sprang on the tall stallion and took off, the paint horse quickly at full gallop.

Low over the withers, clinging with his strong knees, he flashed around the lower end of the great hacienda. A lantern had been lighted in the bunkhouse and he heard vague shouts.

He wasn't sure who had tried to kill him. But he knew it hadn't been Matt Hall. The masked knifer had been shorter, heavier than Hall; it might have been Vern Olds, a dull-witted stableman who followed the straw boss around like a jackal after a lion. But there were several in the crew who might have been angry enough to do it, infuriated by the Apache murder of Link Stevens and the kidnaping of Helen Hammond. White men were like that; they blamed all Indians for what a few might do.

Oliver set his course by the stars, southwest toward the mountains. The night air was cool, a breeze in his face coming from the looming black heights. He knew the country almost rock by rock; it was his homeland. He crossed sandy wastes, skirting patches of cactus and brush, rock upthrusts.

As he hit a narrow trail up the first slopes, he pulled up and dismounted. A small rill, runoff from a spring, meandered down the rocky rise. He squatted by this and splashed cold water on his wounded side and on his face. Tearing a piece of shirt from its tail, he cleansed the long scratch and held it to the wound till more of the bleeding stopped. The stallion lowered his head and drank, and then Chris Oliver remounted and rode on, climbing into the mountain fastnesses.

III

HELEN HAMMOND roused from a feverish light sleep.

It was inky-black in the tiny hut, though she could see a patch of sky, with twinkling stars, through the low doorway.

Tense, she listened. They were moving around outside and she heard low voices. Now the rays of a lantern showed faintly, then she saw the flickering light at the entry and someone ducked inside, setting the lantern on the dirt floor.

Helen sat up straight, looking fearfully at the newcomer. He was short and stout, and wore tight-fitting trousers tucked into high boots, a silk shirt matted to his torso by sweat. A sombrero hung by its chinstrap down his broad back. His kerchief was drawn up to his nose, but he had sober, brown eyes and there was no cruelty in them. From gray streaks in his black hair she decided he was about forty.

"Senorita Hammond," he said

politely, as though they were being introduced at some social function, "I greet you. I am Garcia." His voice was muffled by the bandana but his English was good, flavored as it was by a Spanish accent. Now he handed her a canteen, as though divining how thirsty she was. After a moment's hesitation, she uncorked it and satisfied her burning, dry throat. The water was lukewarm but sweet, with a faint alcoholic taste.

"You are hungry?" asked Garcia, in his velvety voice.

"No, I couldn't eat anything now." Hiding her fear, she demanded with dignity, "How dare you do this? Senor Stewart and the police—"

He cut her short. "Senorita, we know all this. Now, I will warn you. If you obey, you won't be harmed; I swear this by all the Saints. If you try to escape, you will be punished. Comprehend?" He was still polite but firm.

As she started to object, he warned, "Be careful. These Apaches are savage beasts. I alone can protect you."

He slung the canteen over a shoulder, took her arm and lifted her to her feet. "Stay close to me." He kept a grip on her wrist as he led her outside, the lanternlight dancing as they moved.

Silent shadows watched, like wolves ready to spring. Garcia led Helen down a rocky path. A saddled horse waited below, and the Mexican ordered, "You will ride with me."

He helped her climb to the high-pronged saddle, blew out the lantern and hung it on a hook at the cantle. Then he mounted behind her, and taking the rein, touched the horse with a spur.

The moon was up. An Indian rode ahead, and there were others behind; she heard sounds hard to identify but finally decided they were brushing out what few prints might be left in the hard ground. She'd heard of that, how skillful men could wipe out sign to confuse trackers.

The steep, rough way was like a goat path, so they were forced to move slowly. Garcia kept one arm around her so she wouldn't fall off as the horse lurched from side to side.

She could not tell how far they had come when at last the ground levelled off a bit. Unused to orienting herself at night, she wasn't sure what direction they were traveling, though the moon seemed to be usually to her left.

She wasn't inured to riding astride and her legs hurt. A grove of cedars showed at the side of the track, and suddenly she saw the buggy standing there, a horse in its shafts. Garcia got down and grunted as he lifted her off. He led her to the buggy.

"Get in," he ordered, handing her up as she found the small iron step.

She sank into the leather seat. Garcia

attached his mount's rein to the rear of the vehicle, and for a moment, Helen was free, but she knew the Indians were near and she had no idea which way to run if she could escape.

Garcia untied the bridle rope from the pinon limb, brought the reins up, unfastening them from the set brake. He got up beside her and released the brake. He'd lowered his mask but she couldn't make out much in the dimness.

An Apache stayed ahead, scouting the road, while the others came behind, dragging spruce branches to hide tracks. The wheels creaked as the buggy lurched over rough spots. But soon the motion grew smoother and Helen realized they were on a road of sorts.

"Where are you taking me?" she demanded.

"Be quiet, Senorita. I have told you, you'll not be harmed."

She sensed Garcia was nervous, too; he had a pistol tucked in his sash, and a knife. The moon was well up, and as the way levelled off, the buggy picked up speed. Shadows of trees sprang up and disappeared as they glided by.

Her muscles ached and strain tensed her, but Helen found she couldn't keep her eyes open, and fell into a light sleep. She roused as the buggy stopped, and ahead she saw the moonglow on a river. The horses were drinking in the shallows, she saw their riders lying on their bellies, satisfying their thirst.

Garcia got out. "Stay where you are, Senorita."

She shrank back against the seat as she saw the animal glow of the Indian eyes as they rose and looked her way. Soon Garcia came back; he'd refreshed himself, and was smoking a cheroot. He handed her the canteen.

"Drink," he said. "I have refilled it."

The water was cooler and she was grateful for it.

They resumed the journey, crossing the river at a shallow ford. Soon they came out on a sandy road. There were few trees, but she saw the shapes of ocatillos, organ and barrel cactus.

The motion of the vehicle was so smooth it was hypnotic and the girl fell asleep again.

Garcia shook her awake; he was standing on her side of the buggy.

"Come," he said, pulling her hand, and as she stepped from the buggy, she saw she was in a walled courtyard, with flowers and shrubs around. A hacienda stood there and Garcia steered her to the door. The entry to the patio had been closed; lamps flickered at the heavy bronze-studded door, which Garcia opened, pushing Helen inside.

The sala was lighted and she looked about her curiously. A peon in a shapeless white cotton suit, dull eyes watching Garcia and the young woman, stood nearby. The servant shut and bolted the great door, as Garcia nodded.

Garcia gave a short command in Spanish and the servant padded off in his slippers, over thick mats with Indian designs. The room was furnished in Spanish style, with heavy, ornate tables and chairs, statues of holy figures, paintings. Helen noted the high, narrow windows were barred.

Soon a portly female came down the stairs. She wore a silk robe, and a jeweled comb was stuck in her dark hair, piled high on her head. Her white teeth flashed a welcome and Garcia bowed to her, and said, "Senora Maria, this is Senorita Helen."

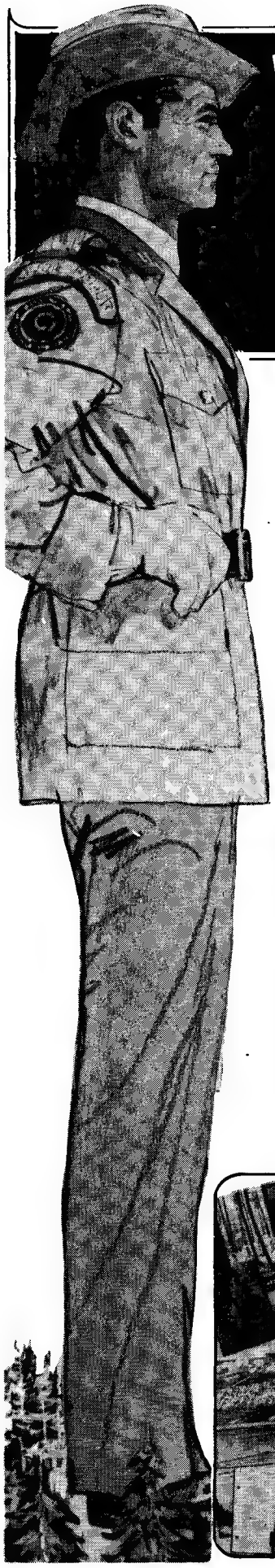
Maria took Helen's hand in hers and smiled again at the bedraggled girl. She spoke softly in Spanish and drawing Helen to her, kissed her cheek.

"Please tell me why I'm here," begged Helen, but Maria shook her head, still smiling, and said, "*No hablo ingles*, Senorita."

She led the girl up the stairs, flashing a smile back at Garcia. The steps and hallway were carpeted, and Maria steered Helen to a spacious chamber, with a canopied bed, a mahogany commode and a dresser, water ewer and basin, a closet hung with robes, several straight-back chairs, and a comfortable one of leather.

Helen was relieved to clean up, and fix her hair before the great mirror. Maria bustled about, serving her like a mother hen. She brought forth a lovely silken robe and helped Helen remove her stained outer garments and slip into it. It had a faint, musky odor.

Someone knocked and Maria hurried over to take a tray from a Mexican woman. There was a hot meal of spiced meat, tortillas, a pot of steaming coffee, with fine silverware and china. Helen sat down to eat; while heavily flavored, the food was satisfying and though she'd



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FC 53

thought she wasn't hungry, she ate well and drank two cups of the strong coffee.

She sat on the bed and Maria smiled, patting her, turning down the coverlet. There were three of the high, narrow windows in one wall, and Helen saw they, too, were barred, heavy draperies hanging by them. Maria drew these, and with her broad smile, said, "*Buenas noches,* Senorita." She blew out the table lamp and went off, closing the door behind her.

Helen heard a bolt slide shut outside and she knew she was a prisoner.

IV

THE SUN was tinting the horizon behind him with purples, crimson and other glorious hues as Chris Oliver rode into the rancheria.

Here he had been born and raised. It was a permanent village now, though as crude as it had ever been. There were tipi shelters, long poles tied with rawhide thongs and draped with hides or old canvas, wickiups with mats for walls, a few one-room shacks of adobe with brush roofs.

The rancheria sprawled across a mountain meadow, with rock spires around the rim where sentries might stand guard. Despite the earnest efforts of missionaries to change the fierce Apaches from warriors and hunters into farmers, only pitful little patches had been scratched here and there, mostly by squaws who tended them, for that was women's work. Pumpkins, melons, a few vegetables made up the crop. The women still gathered berries, roots and other natural bounties as they had always done.

The men hunted and fetched in game. As for the seeds and grains furnished by the whites, they had dried up where they had been scattered or eaten by mustangs and birds. The soil was poor and rocky, and the braves did not fancy agriculture.

Young men with any ambition left the village to seek excitement in the white man's world. They worked on ranches or at town stables and liveries, taking any job they could find.

The rancheria was stirring and squaws were lighting breakfast fires as Chris Oliver got down and slipped the rope halter from the pinto. The horse nuzzled his arm and walked off to drink from the brook on the far side. He would graze with the shaggy ponies. A few mounts were staked nearby so others could be easily caught. There were goats to furnish milk and curds.

A pack of nondescript dogs came to fawn on him; they hadn't barked because they had caught his scent. If a stranger approached they would raise a din, but an over-noisy canine went into the stewpot, since in olden days this might betray a village.

Oliver's father, the Eagle, lean and tall, his greying hair bound by a snakeskin band, wearing a cotton shirt and long leather leggings, came to greet him. The Eagle had a hawklike visage, and his eyes were still clear and bright; in his youth, he had been a great warrior.

Now his mother came, smiling proudly at her strong son. He embraced her in white-man fashion. Seeing the blood on his ribs, she led him into the hut to cleanse and poultice the wound. The Eagle followed and sat by him, and soon the woman brought them warm food, and coffee flavored with chicory and molasses. There were hides and

blankets, a few utensils, his father's old long rifle, bow and arrows, other belongings.

As they ate, Chris Oliver told his father all that had happened. The Eagle was troubled; he knew the whites would blame everything on the nearest rancheria, and that meant blind reprisals.

To Chris Oliver, the camp was a sad place. He'd returned from his schooling full of zeal, determined to raise his people from savagery to civilization. He'd given what money he could earn to his parents and the tribe.

But now he knew it was hopeless. The people had no stomach for the ways of the *Pinda Lick-o-yi.*

The Indians called Chris by his Apache name, which in Spanish was Cuchillo Colorado, Red Knife. The peace-loving Quakers had disapproved of this, for they concluded, and rightly, that 'Red' meant Bloody. They had christened him Christopher Oliver, his benefactor giving him his surname.

When he had eaten, Oliver stretched on a mat and fell into a sound sleep.

The sun was hot when he roused; his father had returned. The Eagle was a skilled tracker and had taught his son the secrets. Accompanied by two other Apaches, he'd made a swift scout down the mountain.

Chris's mother pressed another bowl of food and more coffee on him, while the Eagle unwrapped a repeating carbine Oliver had given him, a belt of ammunition for it. Any Apache would have traded his best war pony for such a weapon, but the Eagle had saved it, and now he laid it by his son, along with a staghorn hunting knife honed to razor edge. Both were first-class killing equipment.

The Eagle squatted by him, telling what the scouts had found. As he ate, Oliver listened gravely. His mother had mended, washed and dried his shirt; she again examined the hurt in his side and nodded; it would soon heal.

In Apache, Oliver asked, "You'll help Senor Stewart?"

The Eagle shrugged. "We will help *you.* But the *Pinda Lick-o-yi* will blame *all* Apaches, you know how they think. They'll shoot us on sight, it's their habit. To them we are dangerous animals to be exterminated like rabid coyotes."

"Not all are the same. Senor Stewart is a good man."

But the chief had suffered too much and seen too many awful sights. He repeated, "We will help *you.*"

Chris Oliver didn't try to reason with his father. It was useless, just as it was to change old Bill Stillwell's conviction that the only good Indian was a dead one.

Oliver donned his shirt, strapped on the ammunition belt and thrust the knife into it. He tied on deerskin moccasins, and left the shelter. The slash in his side was something not even to be noticed, and he drew in a deep breath of fragrant air. Wild flowers grew in the meadows, butterflies hovering over the blooms, birds of varied hues flitted about. Squaws were pounding and hanging up venison strips, or baking tortillas at outside ovens. Children played games, and a group of elders squatted in the shade, smoking pipes and talking of once-great times. A brave on a high tor watched the grazing ponies.

Oliver gave a shrill whistle and the paint horse came nickering to him. He needed no saddle. He strapped a blanket pad on the powerful stud's back and fitted a plaited hair halter over the animal's nose and neck. He could guide with slight knee pressure; the pinto was

a cutting horse, among other accomplishments.

The pinto insistently touched his soft muzzle to Oliver's hand, and the man's grim lips relaxed. He felt in a pocket and found a lump of sugar, which was what the horse had asked for.

The Eagle and other Apaches watched; they would never understand such mutual affection, for to them a pony was only a tool, to be used for war and hunting; if necessary, an Indian would kill and eat his horse without hesitation.

Oliver mounted in a bound; there was little to compare with the thrill he felt with such a horse under him. He waved at his father, who watched his son ride off down the steep, winding path.

Some miles below the rancheria Chris Oliver reached the point where his father had said the sign split off to the south. The baked, rocky earth left few impressions and only the most expert eye could have detected anything, and the trail had been skillfully wiped over. He didn't dismount since his father had told him all he needed to know. He hadn't noticed the divergence when he'd passed by in the night, and he'd been hurt, intent on reaching the rancheria.

Going down was faster than climbing the steep trails. By midmorning he was nearing the plateau. Northeast lay the Stewart ranch. Nothing escaped his trained eye; several swallows swooped up, and he caught a flash, sunlight on metal, probably a rifle barrel.

He moved more cautiously; too many whites were inclined to shoot first at an Indian and check up afterwards. Soon he got down and led the stud behind some huge black boulders, tied him to a scrub pinon. Carbine in one hand, he slanted down, and waited by a flat-topped rock close to the goat track up the mountain.

Finally he sighted the van of Gene Stewart's crew working their way up. Rabbitears Walsh, an older cowboy and experienced tracker, was out front, studying the ground. A few paces behind Walsh came Matt Hall, and next Gene Stewart. A dozen heavily armed men were spaced out, ready for trouble. They were on foot; well to the rear, the horses were being led by three more waddies.

With an expert's eye, Chris Oliver watched Rabbitears pause, drop to his knees and examine a pebble, its unweathered side exposed as a horse's hoof had dislodged it. Farther on, Walsh pointed at a bit of mica glinting in the sunlight. Oliver didn't see Vern Olds, the stocky stableman he guessed might have attacked him; maybe Vern was nursing injuries sustained in the bunkhouse scuffle.

When Rabbitears was fifty feet away, Matt Hall almost by him, Chris Oliver

stood up, showing his head and shoulders over the flat rock. He sang out, "Senor Stewart!"

The reaction would have been comical if it hadn't been so deadly for Oliver. Rabbitears instantly threw himself down, hastily bringing his carbine to firing position. When he saw Chris Oliver, Matt Hall dropped and opened up at once with his 15-shot Henry. Bullets whanged and ricocheted off the boulder, raining bits of lead and gravel on Oliver, who was safe behind his shelter.

The rest of the posse sought cover, except for Gene Stewart, who dashed forward. Peeking from one side of the boulder, Oliver saw the Boss knock Hall's gun barrel aside and speak angrily to him.

The Boss was one of the most courageous men Oliver had ever met, and he was fair and square.

"Chris!" Stewart called.

"Here, Senor Stewart. I must talk to you—alone."

Stewart started up; Hall and Walsh tried to dissuade him but Stewart waved them back impatiently and came on, carbine muzzle pointed at the ground. When he came abreast of Oliver, Chris saw the Boss was much upset. His face was dark under his tan, and his drawl was pronounced as he spoke:

"Well, Chris. Maybe you can explain all this. I found it hard to believe when they told me you'd attacked Vern and run off. Where's my wife's sister? Do the Apaches want ransom for her return?"

"The Indians who captured her aren't from our rancheria. They're outlaws, even among Apaches, broncos, as I suspected."

"Do you know where they've taken her?"

"Probably across the Border. If you'll come with me, I'll show you what we've found."

Stewart's stern eyes studied Oliver, seemed to drill through the powerful young fellow.

"What do you advise?" he asked.

"Tell your men they must not shoot unless you order it. My father and some of his braves will help. They would have run away if I hadn't talked with them for they knew they'd be blamed."

"Where are they now?"

Chris Oliver swept a powerful arm up, and Stewart stared at the crags and scrub brush above.

"They're watching," Oliver replied.

Gene Stewart nodded; he knew how Apaches could conceal themselves.

"First, Senor Stewart, about last night. I was asleep in my bunk when someone tried to stab me. When I defended myself, I was shot at. I ran to my horse and rode away."

Stewart scowled. "Who was it?"

"No time for that now, Senor Stewart. Let me show you how Senorita Helen was spirited off."

Stewart was convinced; he stepped out, signaling his men to follow but to keep back. He went down and mounted his big black horse, while Oliver brought out the pinto and led the way. The Boss stayed just behind him, the cowboys stringing out behind the leaders.

Chris Oliver climbed the steep path for a time; then he pointed to the ground. Stewart swung low on one side, studying the sign, finally shook his head.

"This is where they turned south," Oliver explained. "They wiped out sign but early this morning my father and his friends found the trail."

Now they began traveling along the rocky mountain side, almost due south, the horses sliding here and there. A shout caused Stewart and Oliver to swing in their leather. Rabbitears and Matt Hall were pointing at something, and when they looked, they saw a turbaned head watching over a bush.

"My father, the Eagle," explained Chris Oliver. "He's showing us the way."

The sun beat down with savage fury as they reached a tiny, broken-down shack. Stewart and Oliver dismounted and ducked inside. "They held the Senorita here for a while. See where she lay on a blanket in that corner for a time? They cut her bonds here. Several

Apaches were in the party, and a white man who wore boots with sharp heels met them. They carried her on a horse down the steep trail, where she was put into a buggy drawn by a horse with a crack in its rear right shoe. The buggy headed for Mexico. My father told me this. And they had not time to go farther along."

Stewart nodded; the insight of such men as the Eagle and Chris Oliver was almost miraculous.

"You wish us to help you?" asked Oliver.

"I sure do! We're in your hands, Chris. Tell your father."

They went outside, and Oliver signalled. Soon the Eagle, carrying his old long rifle, a knife in his sash, materialized from a stand of bush. Three or four other Apaches showed themselves but waited as the chief approached and Stewart held out his hand.

The posse had bunched nearby, holding their horses. Matt Hall was scowling and others seemed uneasy.

"Look, Mr. Stewart," Hall complained, "that cuss Chris near busted Vern's arm. I wouldn't trust him as far as I could throw a range bull!"

"Keep shut, Matt," snapped Stewart. "You obey my orders. Now, Chris, we better pick up that trail."

Oliver hesitated. "It will be dangerous. They'll expect it. Your men can't stay out of sight as the Apaches can, and your enemies will be watching for pursuit."

"What then?"

"Let the Apaches find Senorita Helen. I think white men hired the broncos to kidnap her, and they'll demand ransom. But if they can't contact you, what then?"

Stewart thought it over. "You're right. Here's what I'll do, lead my men to El Cajon where the telegraph is, and stay ready for action till I hear from you, Chris. I'm putting my trust in you."

Proud that the Boss should say this, Chris Oliver promised himself only death could prevent him from succeeding in his mission.

From the heights they could see for miles. The Stewarts had kept adding to their properties, and below sprawled an unusual formation of low domed hills, *Las Cabezas Negras*, which at a distance did resemble dark human heads. They belonged to the Stewarts, marking their southwest boundary.

Gene Stewart shook hands with Oliver, looked him straight in the eye, and repeated, "I trust you!"

The boss saluted the Eagle, and led his fighters back as they'd come.

Chris Oliver and his handful of red wolves sped toward the Border.

V

HELEN HAMMOND was bored. She'd rested, and Maria had served ample meals, seen to it she was taken care of in every way.

So she was in need of nothing. But she was locked in and could only pace restlessly up and down her room, or sit and stare out at the inner patio. Her first shock of fear had abated; she concluded she was being held for ransom, that soon Madeline and Gene would pay it and she would be released.

She worried about Alfred; perhaps her brother had been killed, and poor Link Stevens, too. She kept thinking of the big young man—Chris Oliver, they said was his name. He surely didn't look like the grim savages who'd attacked the car and carried her off. She recalled that Matt Hall had called Chris a "breed."

Occasionally she heard low voices or people moving in the hacienda; she watched a peon working in the patio flower beds. Somehow Helen didn't believe that Maria couldn't understand English, but the woman would not talk with her.

She hadn't seen Garcia since he'd turned her over to Maria. But she was fairly sure she was being held in some small Mexican town.

Late that afternoon, Maria knocked. Helen called, "Come in," and the senora unbolted the door and entered, smiling widely as usual. She announced, "Senores Garcia y Tijerina!" in a grand manner.

Garcia appeared. "I would talk with you, Senorita Hammond."

"Yes, and I would talk to you!" said the girl angrily.

He came in, and Maria stepped back. Garcia wore clean clothing, and bowed elegantly. Right behind him was a

second man, fingering a black hat and a briefcase. He was elderly, hair larded with gray. His severe dark suit hung limply on his bony body, and his wrinkled olive face was wreathed in a fixed smile, thin lips parted and showing large yellowed teeth. He reminded Helen of a vulture; during her previous visit to New Mexico, she'd seen many of the ungainly scavengers.

"Senorita Hammond," said Garcia smoothly, "I would present to you Senor Chico Tijerina!"

Tijerina bowed low, and he murmured his pleasure at meeting the beautiful senorita. He had no mustache but sported curving sideburns under his prominent ears; his skin shone, and a word which seemed to fit Tijerina occurred to Helen: *oily*.

Garcia closed the door, shutting out Maria. The two men waited until the girl sat down, and then perched on high-backed chairs before her. Garcia spoke first: "Now, Senorita Hammond, I'm sure you are prepared to listen to reason. You have been brought here for a reason which will be made clear."

Garcia glanced at the other man. "Senor Tijerina is an *abogado*, an attorney, as you would say. He will tell you what you must do to gain your release."

Tijerina clicked his teeth as he opened his briefcase and drew out a sheet of paper, a pen, and a small flask of ink which he carefully uncorked. Garcia rose and brought over a light table, setting it before the girl, and Tijerina laid the paper on this, handing the pen and ink to her.

"You will write to your sister and her husband. Address them intimately as you would do. Say you are well and unharmed, and that if they follow instructions, you'll be returned safe and sound. Senor Stewart must be at the El Cajon railroad depot tomorrow afternoon at three o'clock, and alone. If he plans a trap and fails to obey the orders which will be given him then, your family will never again see you alive. Is this clear?"

Helen Hammond shrugged.

"Just how much money do you want Mr. Stewart to bring with him?" she asked, contempt in her voice.

"Senorita, I said nothing about money. Write as I have said." For an

instant the fixed smile wiped off Tijerina's face.

Helen hesitated; then she dipped the quill pen in the ink and began, "Dearest Madeline and Gene: I am well and haven't been harmed. . ."

As she was composing the note, Garcia and Tijerina spoke in rapid, low Spanish. She didn't understand what they said, though she heard the words, "*El Jefe*," which she knew meant "Chief," and twice a name, "Folsom—Folsom," which meant nothing to her.

She signed her name and handed the note to the lawyer, who put on a pair of pince-nez and carefully read it, nodded, and had her address an envelope, in which he enclosed the folded message.

He passed this to Garcia, corked the ink bottle, wiped the pen nib, and put them back in his briefcase. Rising, Tijerina bowed low before Helen, and left the room.

Garcia said, "You'll soon hear, Senorita," and trailed out, shutting the door. Helen heard the bolt slide.

She turned and stared down at the little patio below; the sun had dropped so it no longer came into the inner square, the evening shadows grew long. Helen wondered why no sum of money had been mentioned; but then she decided they'd tell Gene this when they met him in El Cajon.

Maria brought her supper, removed the tray after she'd finished, locked her in again.

Helen walked up and down the room, lit her lamp for a time, and finally lay down in the big canopied bed. The feather mattress was soft and she closed her eyes. . .

A faint light came through the barred windows, and she could see the yellow line under her hall door, as a lamp was kept burning all night in the corridor. She had half roused; some slight sound had disturbed her.

She wasn't sure what time it might be, but thought it must be late, as she was refreshed by a good sleep.

As she was about to close her eyes again, she caught another faint noise and looked at the door. It was opening, very slowly, a few inches at a time, the perpendicular shaft from the hall light growing larger.

She sat up, suddenly afraid; someone was stealing into her room, and now she saw the man's shadow as he slipped inside and pushed the door to behind him.

"Who—who is it?" she gasped, hardly able to find her voice.

She wanted to scream but before she could, an urgent whisper came, "Senorita Hammond! Be quiet. It's Chris Oliver, your brother's man. I've come to help you."

She clutched the silk coverlet about her, and the man moved to her side. The light was faint but she could see the powerful figure. His hair was banded and he wore dark clothing. She seized his strong hand.

"Oh, Chris, I'm glad! I've been terrified."

"Keep your voice low," Oliver warned, sitting by her, holding her hand. His touch, his presence, comforted her immensely. "We found where they had brought you, but the hacienda is large and closely guarded. I had to find which room you were in. Are you all right?"

"Yes. They haven't hurt me. The Indians turned me over to Senor Garcia and he drove me here. My brother, Alfred—" She almost feared to ask this.

"He's fine, he had only a head crease. But Link was killed by the bronco Apaches, who are outlaws, not of our people."

Helen Hammond could feel the strength of the young man as she clung tightly to him. He was her friend, she felt she could trust him fully and affection welled in her. He listened carefully as she told him about the letter to Gene Stewart, which the lawyer, Tijerina, had ordered her to write, that Stewart must be at El Cajon railroad station at three o'clock the following afternoon, and alone.

"Strange they demanded no money. I have heard of this Porfirio Garcia; he's a mining engineer, and he has a bad reputation on both sides of the Border. He must have hired the broncos to kidnap you. Is he behind all this, do you believe?"

"I'm not sure. They spoke of someone, a chief named Folsom."

"Folsom?" The name seemed to puzzle Chris.

A shout came, followed by two sharp gunshots. Helen clutched Chris Oliver, and he warned, "Get down on the other side of the bed and stay low. Quickly!"

Oliver pressed her hand, and jumped to his feet. Helen rolled to the far side of the wide bedstead, and crouched on the mat.

Her door burst in and three armed vaqueros, one waving a lantern, rushed into her room. "Chris!" she called, to warn him.

Then in the shaft of light she glimpsed him, pressed to the wall by the entry. A breath later the big man launched himself at the bunched trio; the lantern clattered to the floor and went out.

Helen screamed as pistols roared in the room, and a knife glinted in the shaft from the hall lamp.

A man gave an agonized cry which stopped in a horrible gurgle, and the girl had a confused impression of clashing bodies and cursing fighters in an insane melee. She saw Chris's great figure as he rose up, a squirming vaquero held overhead, and hurled him at another who was taking aim with a revolver.

The pistol exploded but the man Chris Oliver had thrown hit the gunny a moment ahead of the shot, and the two sprawled in a tangle near the open door.

Oliver vaulted the third one, who lay unmoving across the entrance. He turned down the hall, out of Helen's sight. She heard groans, muffled profanity. Somebody in the corridor bawled, "*Alto!*" and a gun roared twice. Then glass tinkled and the lamp in the passage suddenly went out.

More shouts, running feet throughout the big hacienda. Bursts of gunfire came from the lower level. The shocked girl listened intently, praying that Chris Oliver would somehow manage to escape from the death trap.

As quickly as they had begun, the noises of the battle stopped. She still caught voices, and soon a dancing light, from a lantern, came along the hall. "Senorita Hammond!" It was Porfirio Garcia, and the squat man entered her room, holding the lantern up.

He had to step high to clear the body across the sill. He looked at this and prodded it with a boot toe, then shrugged and turned to glare at the other two, who had risen.

He spouted angry, rapid Spanish; she didn't know just what he said, but he was evidently scolding and reproaching them. They replied defensively. Finally, obeying Garcia's order, they picked up their comrade and carried him off down the corridor.

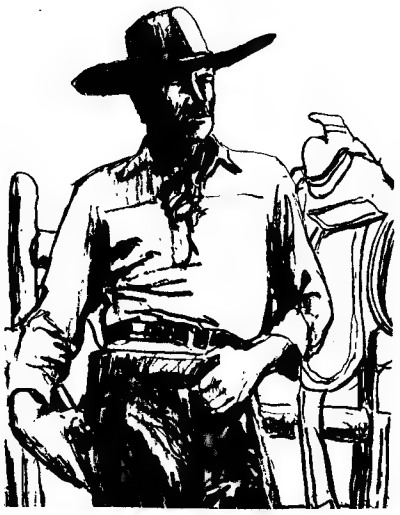
Garcia was in a bad temper. He wore a holstered revolver and a sheath knife, and his Latin politeness had entirely disappeared.

"Put on a cloak," he snapped. "Come with me, at once."

"Where?" she demanded.

"Do as I order."

Sensing his contained fury, Helen found a mantilla with a silk hood, which



she wrapped around her night robe, and thrust her feet into slippers.

"Hurry," Garcia cried. "Walk ahead of me."

"Senor Garcia, was anyone killed in the fight?"

He said icily, "You saw one of my men with your own eyes just now, stabbed to the heart in your doorway. Besides that, others were wounded, while two Apaches were shot dead in the wanton attack on my home."

"Apaches? Who were they?'" Her voice quavered in spite of herself.

"Who can say who an Apache really is?"

He was sullen, and would answer no more questions. She left the bedroom and walked through the inner passage; the wall lamp had been swept from its bracket and lay on the floor, fragments of glass stewing the rug, and she avoided the larger pieces which might pierce her thin slippers.

"Your friend did that," said Garcia. "I was at the far end of the corridor and would have killed him with my next bullet had he not knocked the lamp from the wall so I could no longer take aim."

Hope sprang into her heart. "Then he escaped?"

Garcia's eyes narrowed as he realized the big fellow he'd glimpsed was of special interest to her.

"I did not say he escaped, I only said *I'd* missed him. Many of our vaqueros were downstairs, and they saw to him."

"He was shot?"

A cruel smile touched Garcia's lips. "Who was he? He seems to be an Apache. Tell me his name so we may notify his family."

Helen shook her head. Chris, then, might have been killed.

Garcia steered her down a narrow rear staircase, through a kitchen. She didn't see Maria, but was aware of armed Mexicans in the shadows as she was led outside into the walled stableyard. A peon waited, holding a horse hitched to a buggy, and Garcia roughly lifted the girl in and climbed in by her. The groom opened a gate, and Garcia drove through into an alley, soon emerging on an unlighted street. Silvery moonbeams streaked the road.

"You'll regret your amigos attempted to rescue you, Senorita Hammond. The place we're going to isn't as comfortable as the hacienda!"

He turned another corner, stopping before a dark adobe hut. Getting out, he unlocked a padlock on the little door and shoved the young woman inside. One barred window showed in the back wall and the place smelled of moldy straw. The lantern danced as Garcia pointed at a bench with a horse blanket on it.

"Si, thank your friends for this," he snarled, unable to hide his resentment. "No one can hear your cries."

She felt she really knew Garcia now. He was tough and evil with the thin veneer rubbed off. "How long do you intend to hold me?"

"*Quien sabe?* If your people do not quickly do as Senor Folsom and I order, it will be necessary to dispose of you. And soon, for you are too dangerous a witness against us."

He seemed to relish frightening her.

He took the lantern with him, slamming the door when he was outside, and Helen heard the padlock snap shut.

Little light filtered through the tiny window. She groped her way to the bench and sank down, fighting her panic. Somehow, Chris Oliver had found her. But they had moved her here, and her friends wouldn't know where to look for her, even if Oliver hadn't been killed at the hacienda.

It hurt her cruelly to think he'd died for her. She could never forget him, though she had only seen him at the El Cajon railroad depot, and then when he'd come to her in her bedroom at the hacienda. It seemed to her, in her emotional state, that all her life she'd been waiting for the big man. She recalled his soothing voice as he'd whispered to her, and above all, the intense comfort she'd felt as he held her in his strong arms.

She leaned back against the dank mud wall and shut her eyes. She dozed a bit but would start awake at every little sound. She was sure big rats scurried in the dirty little place, as she heard the straw rustle now and again.

She wasn't sure how long it was before the padlock clicked open; she tensed, nails digging into her palms as the door opened and saw men's figures outside. The concentrated beam of a bull's-eye lantern blinded her, and she jumped to her feet.

"Who's that?" she called.

She was seized from either side. A silk kerchief was tied over her lips and she was carried out. Saddled horses waited nearby, and she was lifted on one. A man mounted behind her.

Commands were snapped in rapid Spanish, and she believed it was Garcia speaking. She heard the word *Agua*, which she was sure meant water. It was coupled with another word she didn't recognize, twice they said *Agua Honda*, and then they started off, the saddle leather creaking, the horses picking up speed as they left the silent town behind and moved along a sandy road.

The moon was up and the myriad twinkling stars; the shapes of giant armed cactus, bunches of thorned brush threw shadows as they flashed past, on and on.

Jouncing in the seat, Helen heard the mustangs blowing now and then. The man behind her held her slim waist with a firm, muscled arm, following in the rising dust of the leader, the others stringing behind.

Her breath was jolted from her several times; the slopes were few and far between, and the land seemed to be desert.

It seemed endless, her discomfort, but finally she saw lights twinkling ahead, and the pace slowed. They came to the gate of a large enclosure made of crooked poles covered with high brush.

Someone challenged and Garcia answered.

The gate swung in and they passed on through, dismounting before a low, rambling house. There were stables, corrals and smaller outbuildings spread about the spacious yard, which seemed to be entirely circled by the crude fence. Then, as she was lifted off the saddle, she saw a patch of trees and the moon sheening on a round pool of water.

Garcia came to her. Her legs were sore and stiff from the uncomfortable ride.

"You will come with me, Senorita Hammond," he said coldly. "Senor Folsom awaits you."

He led her to the low veranda of the adobe house. The front door was open, and she entered as Garcia urged her through.

She stood, glancing curiously about her. The room wasn't furnished with the elegance of Garcia's hacienda, but looked homey and comfortable enough, with woven straw mats on the rough plank floor, wicker stands and chairs, and a lamp burned on the center table.

"Sit there," ordered Garcia, indicating an armchair. Then he called, "Folsom, she is here."

A tall man in a cool silk shirt of crimson hue, wearing Mexican trousers banded with a sash, his head bare, came from an adjoining chamber.

He had a glass of liquor in one hand,

and he smiled down at Helen, and said easily, "We meet again!"

Helen gasped; her eyes widened and she would have cried out, but the gag choked her words, and she could only stare in amazement at the man called Folsom.

VI

THE BELL in El Cajon's church steeple slowly and majestically tolled three times as a friar pulled the rope below.

It was extremely hot and the tiny settlement seemed asleep. Even the goats were quiet in the siesta hours, the brilliant sun burning mercilessly down.

Gene Stewart rode to the little railroad station, holding his powerful black horse to a walk. He got down and tied his rein to a post on the shaded side, then went inside. His shirt stuck to his hide, and runnels of sweat streaked his dark, strong face.

The waiting room was deserted—no, behind the rusty pot-bellied stove, in the corner, which was lighted only on wintry days, lay a peon under an old serape. A huge sombrero of plaited straw covered what must be his head, and an empty bottle which had held tequila lay nearby. The man was obviously dead drunk.

Stewart could never forget this place, for here he had first set eyes one night on "Majesty" Stewart, now his beloved wife Madeline. He'd been drinking himself the evening he'd accosted the veiled lady, who was alone after getting off the train. Unaware of who she was, he'd forced a priest to marry her to him, although at the time, Madeline had believed the ceremony, in Spanish, had been a mock union.

He glanced again at the drunken peon, who hadn't budged, then shrugged and went to a grimy window. He stood, watching; he was right on time, three o'clock, the note had said. Some of his crew had gone back to the ranch, among them Matt Hall and Rabbitears Walsh.

Several awaited orders at the hotel up the plaza; they'd begged to accompany him, or at least let them trail him, in case of trouble. But the letter delivered to him had ordered him come alone, if ever the Stewarts wished to see Helen Hammond again.

Stewart was a brave and daring man; he had ridden into many tight spots by himself. Only death could stop him.

He took off his Stetson and mopped his face with his bandanna.

Then he sighted the buggy, drawn by a bay gelding, clopping in from the south, from the direction of old Mexico. It slowed as it crossed the boards laid to ease passage over the iron rails. The driver seemed in no hurry; he pulled up on the shady side of the building, and got down carefully, a bony man in a black suit draped on his skeleton form. A sober black hat sat straight on his head. He put on the brake and tied to a post. Carrying a briefcase, he entered the station.

"Senor Stewart," he said, with a bow, thin lips parting to show large yellow teeth. "I am Chico Tijerina, *abogado*. I am an attorney representing those who would deal with you."

Suddenly Tijerina noticed the heap by the stove. "You were to come alone! Who is that?"

"A drunken loafer, sleeping it off, I don't know him. Now, get down to it. How much ransom do you demand? We will pay what you ask, so long as she is returned unharmed. I have a good deal of money in my belt, and I have made arrangements with our banker so I can

get even more within a short time."

Tijerina kept smiling, his skin sheening like olive oil. "Senor, have we asked for money? No, we have a business proposition. If you will accompany me to *Agua Honda*, it will be disclosed to you. If you agree, your sister-in-law, who is being held there, will be released. I assure you she has not been hurt in any way."

"*Agua Honda?* Si, I know that place. Deep Water, an oasis not too many miles over the Border from here. Once it was a secret hideout for Sheriff Pat Hawe, who was no friend of mine!"

"Senor, all this is nothing to me, it is long past. I am only an agent, and I am carrying out my client's instructions. This is the duty and obligation of an attorney."

"All right. I'll go wherever you say, Tijerina. I've been all through that country. Maybe you know I once fought with the Mexican rebels."

"Si, who will ever forget the brave deeds of El Capitan Stewart?"

Tijerina's smile never left his lips, but Stewart thought he detected a faint sarcasm in his voice.

"Let's get down to the business," said Gene Stewart shortly. "You have papers in your briefcase you wish me to sign?"

Tijerina shook his head. "Nothing can be accomplished here. You must come with me to *Agua Honda*, alone, and at once. I will drive you there."

"My horse?"

"Tie him behind the buggy. Are you coming, Senor? I can delay no longer, for I must be at *Agua Honda* by dark. I have been instructed to inform you this is the only chance you will be offered to save the life of your wife's sister."

The smile had wiped off Tijerina's bony face and he looked more than ever like a buzzard.

"Of course I'll go with you, Tijerina."

"Make no attempt to signal," warned the attorney. "I'm sure you have followers near at hand. Once across the Border, we'll be under constant surveillance, and if we are trailed, the spies will be shot from ambush on the road. It may have occurred to you that you might have me arrested before leaving the United States. This will do you no good, for it's my word against yours, and if I fail to arrive on time at *Agua Honda*, Senorita Hammond will never be seen again."

Tijerina gave a short nod, and walked out. He stood, watching to make sure that Stewart gave no signals to anyone spying from the center of town. Sweat beaded Stewart's bronzed face. He curbed his frustrated rage, aware he must obey instructions or Helen Hammond might be killed, or worse, handed over to the bronco Apaches, who would spirit her off to their hidden encampments in the Sierra Madre, to be a slave and plaything for the braves until she died.

He didn't doubt the viciousness of his foes. They had killed Link Stevens, and come close to killing Madeline's brother, when they had kidnaped Helen. They had done this cleverly enough, for the first impulse had been to throw the blame on the Eagle's rancheria.

Right up to this moment Stewart had been convinced the motive for snatching the girl had been to hold her for a large ransom, since it was common knowledge that the Stewarts were extremely wealthy people, not only in land and cattle, but the Hammond family fortune.

So Gene Stewart was confused, and racked his mind, seeking some other explanation, but he was unable to decide what it might be. He slowly left the little station and under Tijerina's sharp eye, fastened his black horse's rein behind the attorney's buggy.

Tijerina nodded and waved his

briefcase, telling Stewart to climb in first. When Stewart settled on the leather seat, the *abogado* untied, took the reins from the brake and joined the rancher. He slapped the leather on the tall bay gelding's back, and they started off, crossing the tracks and heading south for the road to the Border and *Agua Honda*. . .

The serape by the potbelled stove in the station stirred and was thrown off, with the large straw sombrero.

Chris Oliver rose, stretching his long limbs, taking in a deep breath of the warm air. It had been difficult, lying in a heap, hardly daring to stir while Chico Tijerina was nearby. He was bathed in sweat; but he'd heard everything which had been said, and an Indian, especially an Apache, would withstand discomfort and hardship, even pain, with a stoicism most white men couldn't muster.

He looked from the south window, seeing the big bay trotting as the buggy headed southward, Tijerina flicking the whip over the horse's ears, dust rolling under the rubber-tiled wheels. Then he checked the other direction, and saw three of Stewart's men in the road outside the saloon, staring after the buggy, with the Boss's black following behind.

They were older fellows, trusted employees of Gene and Madeline Stewart. They had been watching for some sort of signal from Stewart. He had left strict orders they must stay put until the Boss called them. There were several more on the saloon veranda.

They began consulting with one another, evidently trying to decide what they should do. Some wanted to pick up their mounts and follow the buggy, others weren't sure it would be the right move. After all, Gene Stewart had his guns and his black horse, and would be more than a match for such a person as the Mexican they'd seen driving the buggy.

Chris Oliver crouched there, waiting. He hoped they wouldn't attempt to trail, even at a distance, for he had overheard Tijerina's warning, that they would be shot from ambush. He had no doubt this would happen. His father, the Eagle, and the braves with him, had killed two of the broncos during the fight at Garcia's hacienda; without his father's help, Oliver would not have been able to escape from the place. But the enemy still had several of the outlaw Apaches, dangerous foes, probably even now concealed along the route to *Agua Honda*, on the watch for anybody following Tijerina and Stewart.

Chris Oliver was by inheritance and breeding, by years of hard physical work, a man of steel. He could go for days with only snatches of sleep, as could even the older Apaches. He had some bruises, and a bullet sear along one thigh, where a slug fired from Garcia's revolver had burned his skin as he zigzagged through the hall after leaving Helen Hammond's room. Then he'd swept the bracket lamp off the wall as he passed, and Garcia had no longer been able to see him as he rushed off, and, covered by the Eagle and his friends, gone over the wall and melted into the night.

He hadn't known that Helen had been moved, almost immediately, by Garcia, to another point. Chris Oliver and his aides had regrouped, made ready for another strike; one of the Eagle's braves, wounded in the fight, had ridden home for the rancheria.

At the first touch of dawn, circling the hacienda like so many prowling wolves, the Apaches had found the fresh buggy tracks leaving the rear of Senora Maria's and Garcia's spacious establishment. They'd caught the peon groom as he slept in his small room off the stables. At knife's point, the frightened Mexican had told them that Garcia had spirited Helen off. Trailing, they'd discovered the hut where she'd been held a short while, and the sign left by Garcia's vaqueros. The sign led them from the tiny town, heading northeastward.

Oliver had detached himself from the Eagle's band. They would make rendezvous later, in ways known to the Apaches. Chris Oliver had ridden hard for El Cajon; Helen had told him that Gene Stewart had been ordered in the enemy note to be in the station at three P.M.

There were few trains that stopped at the little place, and the agent was on hand only at certain hours. Oliver had left his paint horse down the line, and moved in afoot, watching his chances. A half-drunken Mexican had been glad to sell him the worn serape and straw hat, his almost empty bottle, for double their value.

By noon, Chris Oliver had settled in

the corner behind the stove, covered by the cape and sombrero; he'd catnapped, ignoring the discomfort of the mounting heat.

He was armed with his sixgun and long knife; he'd left his cartridge belts and rifle, his Stetson, with the stud.

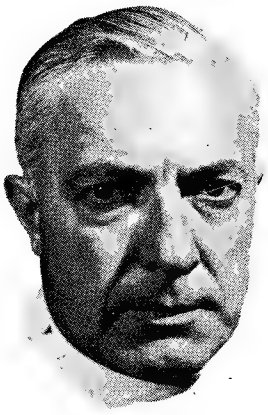
He was in no hurry to leave the station building, since he'd overheard Tijerina say they were going to *Agua Honda*, and the buggy could not travel with the speed of a fast horse. And he had not the slightest doubt that the Eagle and his braves had by this time determined that Helen Hammond had been carried to the fenced oasis.

He sat down and chewed methodically on a strip of dried meat. He had a hide pouch of ground corn, and he'd hidden his canteen and small supply of food in the cold stove. With lukewarm water, he had a substantial if tasteless meal.

It was well after four o'clock before El Cajon came back to life; people appeared on the dusty plaza, the stores took down sun shutters. So far, Stewart's crew had stayed put, though now and again one of them would step out and stare toward the railroad station.

Chris Oliver went through the door on the track side. Not far away stood the freight station. He flitted toward this, not wishing to be seen by any of Stewart's men. Keeping the bulky building between himself and the plaza, he reached the deserted barn where he'd left his paint horse. The stallion whickered at him; Gene Stewart had fed him, and given him water before he'd left the animal.

Oliver rode eastward, along the north side of the track for a mile, then turned south. The sun was lowering over the mountains as he swung on a slanting course for the river. This was desert country, sagebrush, cactus growths, rock formations, except along the



An Important Message

To Every Man And Woman

In America

Losing His Or Her Hair

If you are troubled by thinning hair, dandruff, itchy scalp, if you fear approaching baldness, read the rest of this statement carefully. It may mean the difference to you between saving your hair and losing the rest of it to eventual baldness.

Baldness is simply a matter of subtraction. When the number of new hairs fail to equal the number of falling hair, you end up minus your head of hair (bald). Why not avoid baldness by preventing unnecessary loss of hair? Why not turn the tide of battle on your head by eliminating needless causes of hair loss and give Nature a chance to grow more hair for you? Many of the country's dermatologists and other foremost hair and scalp specialists believe that seborrhea, a common scalp disorder, causes hair loss. What is seborrhea? It is a bacterial infection of the scalp that can eventually cause permanent damage to the hair follicles. Its visible evidence is "thinning" hair. Its end result is baldness. Its symptoms are dry, itchy scalp, dandruff, oily hair, head scales, and progressive hair loss.

So, if you are beginning to notice that your forehead is getting larger, beginning to notice that there is too much hair on your comb, beginning to be worried about the dryness of your hair, the itchyness of your scalp, the ugly dandruff — **these are Nature's Red Flags** warning you of impending baldness. Even if you have been losing your hair for some time, don't let seborrhea rob you of the rest of your hair.

HOW COMATE WORKS ON YOUR SCALP

The development of an amazing new hair and scalp medicine called Comate is specifically designed to control seborrhea and stop the hair loss it causes. It offers the opportunity to thousands of men and women losing their hair to bacterial infection to reverse the battle they are now losing on their scalps. By stopping this impediment to normal hair growth, new hairs can grow as Nature intended.

This is how Comate works: (1) It combines in a single scalp treatment the essential corrective factors for normal hair growth. By its rubifacient action it stimulates blood circulation to the scalp, thereby supplying more nutrition to still-alive hair follicles. (2) As a highly effective antiseptic, Comate kills on contact the seborrhea-causing scalp bacteria believed to be a cause of baldness. (3) By its keratolitic action it dissolves ugly dandruff. By tending to normalize the lubrication of the hair shaft it corrects excessively dry and oily hair. It eliminates head scales and scalp itch.

In short, Comate offers you in a single treatment the best that modern medicine has developed for the preservation of your hair. There is no excuse today except ignorance for any man or woman to neglect seborrhea and pay the penalty of hair loss.

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To you we offer this UNCONDITIONAL GUARANTEE. Treat your scalp to Comate in your own home, following the simple directions. See for yourself in your own mirror how after a few treatments, Comate makes your hair look thicker and alive. How Comate ends your dandruff, stops your scalp itch. How Comate gives your hair a chance to grow. Most men and women report results after the first treatment, some take longer. But we say this to you. If, for any reason, you are not completely satisfied with the improvement in your own case — AT ANY TIME — return the unused portion for a prompt refund. No questions asked.

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Male pattern baldness is the cause of the great majority of cases of baldness and excessive hair loss. In such cases neither the Comate treatment nor any other treatment is effective.

Note To Doctors
Doctors, clinics and hospitals interested in scalp disorders can obtain professional samples and literature on written request.

"I used to comb out a handful of hair at a time. Now I only get 4-6 on my comb. The terrible itching has stopped"
—L.H.M., Los Angeles, Cal.

"My hair has improved. It used to fall out by handfuls. Comate stopped it from falling out." —D. M. H., Oklahoma City, Okla.

"My hair has quit falling out and getting thin."
—D. W. G., c/o FPO., N. Y.

"My husband has tried many treatments and spent a great deal of money on his scalp. Nothing helped until he started using your formula."
—Mrs. R. LeB, Piqua, Ohio

"Comate is successful in every way you mention. Used it only a few days and can see the big change in my scalp and hair."
—C.E.H., N.Richland, Wash.

"My hair was thin at the temples, and all over. Now it looks so much thicker, I can tell it."
—Miss C.T., San Angelo, Tex.

"Now my hair looks quite thick."
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"My hair had been coming out and breaking off for about 21 years and Comate has improved it so much."
—Mrs. J. E., Lisbon, Ga.

"I've used a good many different 'tonics.' But until I tried Comate, I had no results. Now I'm rid of dandruff, and itchy scalp. My hair looks thicker."
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"Used it twice and my hair has already stopped falling."
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"No trouble with dandruff since I started using it"
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"It really has improved my hair in one week, and I know what the result will be in three more. I am so happy over it, I had to write!"
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watercourses which were running almost dry in the arid months.

Aware of the warning Tijerina had given Stewart as to possible trackers being ambushed, he watched most carefully for any sign of danger, riding a quarter mile away from the sandy road leading eventually to *Agua Honda.*

He rode slowly, glancing right and left. The land grew more parched, and the paint stud's hoofs dug into the sand. He crossed the winding river, and paused at a shallow pool to let the horse drink, and to refill his canteen. He squatted for a time, holding his rein, and washed his face and hands, took off his sweat-soaked shirt and dipped it in water, wrung it out, and after washing his torso, put the shirt back on. The evaporation would cool his skin.

He led his stallion to the steep south bank; when there was an occasional cloudburst, the river, like an arroyo, would overflow its bed. Remounting, he shoved on southeast for *Agua Honda,* and the sun was now dropping behind the great mountains to the west.

Some instinctive warning came to him, and he slowed. A thicket of cresote bushes, cactus, long wands of the ocotillo, giant saguaros and barrels, low clumps of prickly pears breaking through here and there, blocked the way.

Then he heard the insistent rattles. He stared ahead but could see no snake, though it sounded like a large one. However, his grim lips softened. "One—two—three. One—two—three." No snake ever signalled with such regular cadence!

He started on and the Eagle, crouched by a thick bush, grinned at him, shaking the snake rattles at him. As though by magic, one of his father's old warriors materialized, and they led him through a narrow aisle to a deep, completely dry arroyo, screened by low bush. Here, the rest of the Eagle's war party waited, with their horses. They had snared two rabbits, had plenty of ground meal and dried meat in their pouches. Chris Oliver got down and led the stallion into the ditch.

As he turned to fasten his halter rope to a root, he saw the two dead, half-naked bronzed figures stretched in the sand.

"Broncos," nodded the Eagle, with a satisfied smile.

Chris counted four extra mustangs, and his father explained, "Two more enemies lie dead on our back trail from *Agua Honda.* We took their food and the money paid them by the *Pinda Lick-o-yi.* There are no more bronco Apaches to be dealt with nearby, only a dozen vaqueros."

The young giant, worthy son of the Eagle, nodded. He knew that only the most expert Apaches such as his father and his comrades were could have overcome the murderous, stealthy broncos.

VII

PALE, DRAWN and exhausted by strain, Helen Hammond still held up her head proudly as Garcia ushered her into the main room at the *Agua Honda* rancho. The young woman started as she saw Gene Stewart seated at the table, on which a lamp with a round white globe shed a yellow light.

"Gene!"

"Helen, are you all right?" he asked anxiously, rising.

"Yes, I'm—I'm fine." She sat in a chair, and Stewart resumed his seat.

"We wouldn't expect you to pay us, Senor Stewart, without seeing the goods are undamaged," said Garcia smoothly.

An armed Mexican stood by the front entry, a carbine slanted under one arm. Another was at the doorway to the rear of the house, but the room was unlighted. Chico Tijerina came in, a fixed smile on his face. He held several documents in his thin hands, and there was a pen and an ink bottle by the lamp on the table.

Tijerina nodded politely as he drew out a chair and sat down.

Stewart's pistol had been taken from him shortly before, as he was kept covered by the vaquero guns.

Stewart stared coldly at Garcia. "I know who you are, Senor," he said. "I've heard of you."

Garcia smiled but it wasn't friendly; he disliked Stewart as much as the rancher did the stocky man. "Si, I am well-known as a mining promoter. My fame has spread north of the Border." A touch of irony was in his voice.

Helen knew nothing of Garcia's reputation as a shady mining engineer, but Gene Stewart knew all about him.

"I would like to put my money on the table," said Stewart.

Garcia shrugged and Gene Stewart carefully extracted a wad of large bills from his inside pocket and put them on the board.

"There is plenty more where this came from, once I am sure you will release Miss Hammond and me," he said quietly.

"Senor, there is more to this than what money you might wish to give us," said Garcia. "Tijerina, please show Senor Stewart the documents he is to sign."

The lawyer spread several legal papers out and handed them to Stewart, who began to read them.

"Gene," began Helen. "Matt—"

"Be quiet, Senorita," ordered Garcia sternly, scowling at her.

Stewart read over the documents; a puzzled look spread over his bronzed face. "These turn over part of our property to Patrick Folsom and to you, Garcia. The sections enumerated take in all the territory, including *Las Cabezas Negras,* to the Border. *Las Cabezas* are practically worthless, for grazing purposes, the rest is chiefly desert stretches."

"Please, sign the quit-claims and the conveyances, Senor Stewart," ordered Tijerina. "You will also sign Senora Stewart's name, since we're aware you have power of attorney to act for her."

"True, I do. What else do you want?"

"Only this, Senor Stewart," said Garcia quickly.

Gene Stewart glanced at Helen, then began signing the documents as Tijerina directed, the bony attorney sitting close to Stewart, making sure everything was in order. Two vaqueros came and signed as witnesses.

Tijerina glowed with satisfaction. "Everything is now in order, Senor Garcia. *Las Cabezas* will be your property as soon as I have registered these documents with the proper authorities."

Stewart said nothing; he wasn't an attorney, but he well knew that documents signed under duress would never be upheld, in the United States or in Mexico, either. Once Helen was safe, and they were back across the Border, the quit-claims and other conveyances could easily be declared void. As an *abogado,* surely Tijerina must be aware

of all this, but Stewart held his tongue. Maybe they were fools.

He saw Helen start, and look past him, and hearing a soft footstep behind, he swung and saw a tall man, smiling at him, a cheroot dangling from his lips. The man wore soft Mexican garments, but Stewart immediately recognized his straw boss, Matt Hall.

"Matt!" he exclaimed. "What are you doing here?" For a moment, he believed his own crew had somehow located the place and had come to help him.

"Hello, Gene," Hall drawled easily. There was none of the usual deference accorded one's employer in the tall fellow's voice.

He pulled out a chair and sat facing Stewart, still almost laughing, convulsed by inner amusement.

"I believe you knew my father," he went on.

"Your father? Hall? I may have, but don't recall the name, and you never mentioned this before, Matt."

"Not Matt, Pat. Pat Hawe, Junior. My father was sheriff of the county, and was brutally shot down, murdered by your man, Monte Price, with his friend Don Carlos Martinez!"

"But—but you—?"

"I was a lad at the time and lived here with my mother, Pat Hawe's wife. She died soon after my father, cursing your name with her last breath. And so I determined to avenge my father and my mother. This is why I went to work for you, Gene. At first, I simply intended to kill you at the first opportunity I could do so without being suspected.

"But Garcia, a frequent visitor here, told me about *Las Cabezas Negras.* He secretly prospected through these strange hills. Under the almost bare surface, the great domes are solid silver, metal and extremely rich ores. And so we decided to take, not only revenge, but the mines, which will make us wealthy men."

"And Folsom—?" asked Stewart.

Hawe stopped smiling; the fury in his heart darkened his face. "A name I assumed, because you, Stewart, blackened mine with your lies about my father, Sheriff Pat Hawe!"

With difficulty Gene Stewart kept silent, staring at his arch enemy, son of the thieving sheriff who, with Don Carlos Martinez, had come close to shutting off forever, for Stewart and Madeline, the Light of Western Stars.

It was plain that the man was the leader and instigator of all this, that Garcia had been his partner in the project, so carefully planned. Flashes of thought ran through his mind, how Howe, as his straw boss, Matt Hall, had insisted Helen's kidnapers had come from the Eagle's rancheria. How someone in the bunkhouse, undoubtedly egged on by Hawe, had nearly killed young Chris Oliver, and other things that now dovetailled in as the puzzle grew clear.

Hawe was speaking again, "You must realize now, Stewart, we're not such fools as to think you'd let us have *Las Cabezas* if we let you go. And anyhow, I have other plans for you and for your pretty sister-in-law. I really am most fond of her and intend to keep her for myself. You'll simply disappear into thin air; no trace of you will ever be found."

Stewart already understood. He was as good as dead, and Helen would serve young Pat Hawe.

Gene Stewart was a fighting man; he'd held himself in with a tremendous effort. Now he gave a hoarse cry and shoved the table at Hawe, who was reaching inside his silk blouse, pulling a revolver. Stewart hoped to knock over the lamp; it rocked crazily, flickered, but righted itself as Stewart dropped to his knees.

"Run, Helen—" Stewart gasped.

The room suddenly rang with blasting guns; the vaqueros on guard had turned, carbines firing as they aimed at shadowy figures thrusting through the windows. They went down, riddled; lean Apaches sprang into the room, and Chris Oliver ran in as Pat Hawe cried out with sudden pain, his revolver falling from his hand.

Hawe clutched at his punctured shoulder; Oliver had put a slug through it. The Eagle drove a long knife into Garcia's back just as the Mexican took

aim at Stewart, and Garcia fell on his face.

Tijerina, bleating in terror, screamed for mercy as he groveled on the mat near the rocking table. Blue gunsmoke clouded in the room, curling around the lamp chimney.

Stewart started at Hawe, meaning to seize him with his bare hands, for he had no gun.

Chris Oliver had swung toward the girl, but suddenly whirled, throwing himself bodily at Hawe. Spewing his hatred for Gene Stewart, Hawe drew a small, large-calibered derringer from his pocket with his uninjured hand, raising it. At such close range he couldn't miss, and the heavy ball would rip a hole the size of a saucer in Stewart's breast.

Oliver hit Hawe a breath before the derringer belched death.

The .44-caliber bullet whizzed past Oliver's ear and lodged high in the wall across the room. As Hawe went down, bowled over by Chris Oliver's lunging weight, the Eagle sprang in, driving his bloody knife again and again into Pat Hawe's vitals. . .

"No, no—" began Chris Oliver, getting to his feet, but it was too late to check his father's flashing blade.

Pat Hawe quivered on the mat, gaping wounds showing through long rips in his silken shirt.

It was over. The Apaches had stolen up, silenced the guards without a sound, as only they could do. Hawe and Garcia were dead, while Chico Tijerina, on his knees, pled for his life.

Sickened by the awful sights, Helen Hammond turned away, her knees almost giving way.

She stared at Chris Oliver, towering in his youthful power. He'd shoved his gun back into his sash.

She went to him and threw her arms around him, crying, sobbing like a child. Oliver held her, seeking to comfort her. She felt the beat of his strong heart as she pressed her body close to his.

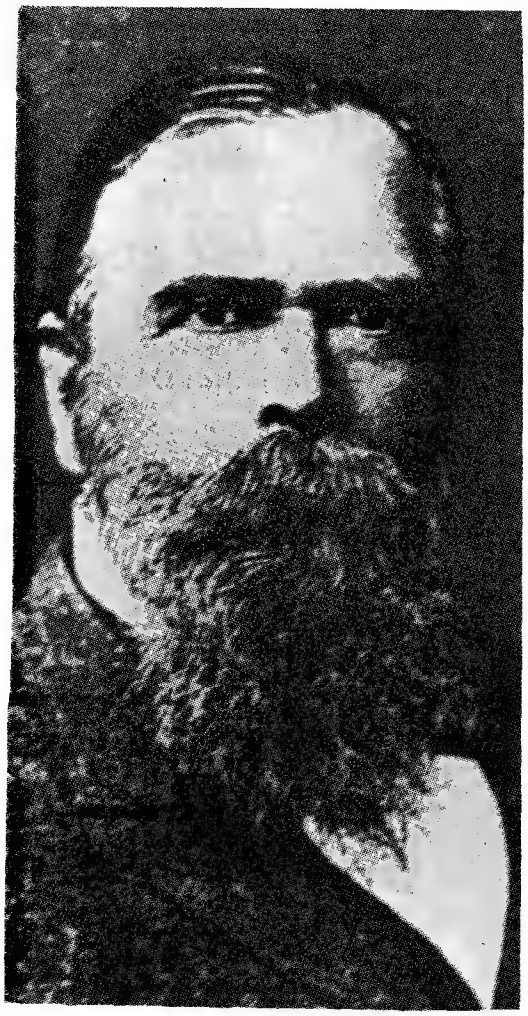
"Chris, Chris! You must never leave me. Promise me this."

She felt him tremble and she knew he loved her as she loved him. And she would be his as long as the Western stars lighted the heavens.

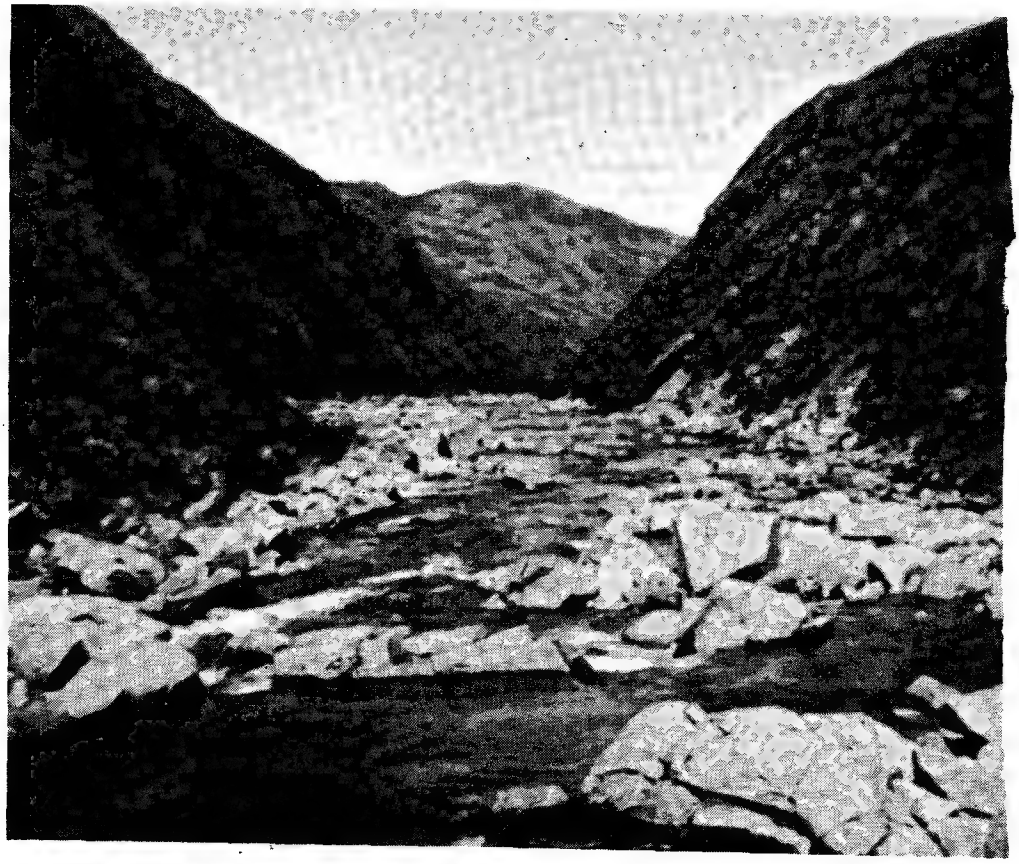
GOLD! GOLD IN CALIFORNIA!

When gold was discovered at Sutter's mill in '48, it started the biggest bonanza race in history. Yet ten years earlier a man had also found gold—and didn't even care!

by ED EARL REPP

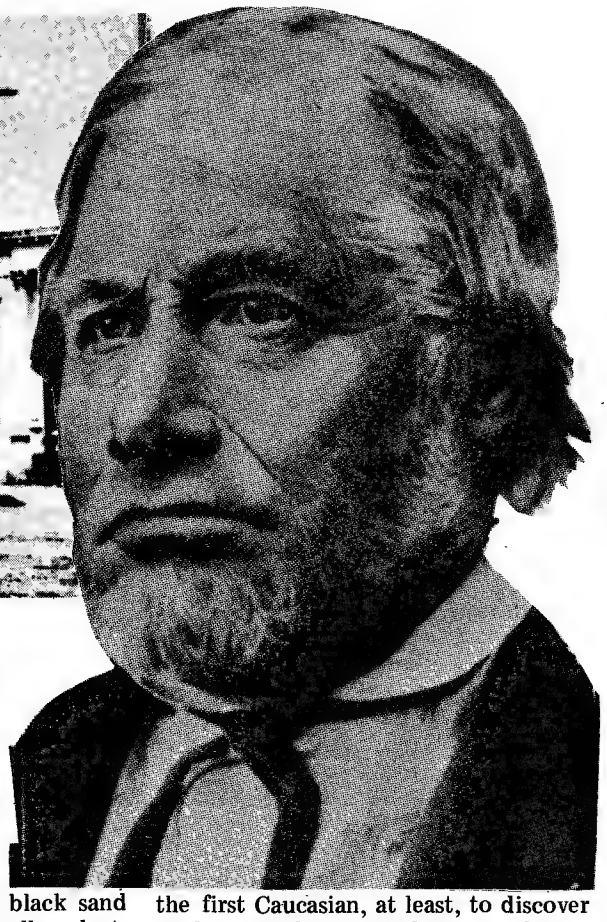


General John Bidwell—was he the first to discover gold in California?



The Feather River, where Bidwell, and a crew of Indian laborers recovered $5,000,000 in gold.

The city of Chico at the turn of the century, looking up Broadway from the sumptious Bidwell Mansion.



The famous James Wilson Marshall; credited as the first to discover gold in the state of California at Coloma in 1848.

WHEN JAMES W. MARSHALL discovered gold in the tailrace of Sutter's mill at Coloma, California, January 24th, 1848, he scored but one thing—sudden and lasting fame. He gained no great riches from his finding of a half-inch long chispa, or flake of gold weighing 1.76 grams, Troy, staring up at him from the alluvial gravel like an evil yellow eye.

For Jim Marshall the discovery proved to be anything but benevolent. It was for the most part almost devastating. It hounded him constantly until at times he felt that the only avenue of escape lay in death. Fortune hunters, believing he alone knew where great deposits of yellow treasure lay, dogged his every step, night and day. There was no escape from the mobs that followed him wherever he went, inspired with the notion that he would eventually lead them to vast deposits of gold.

Wild-eyed, gold-hungry men by the thousands stampeded over his lands. They seized his live stock, crushed his crops, their lust and violence punishing him relentlessly. The magnetism of his startling discovery spread over the world until a quarter of a million adventurers swarmed over the wagon trails to California.

James Wilson Marshall could have been spared all this torture, turmoil and turbulence had one other man recognized the full significance of a cup of glittering black sand he held in the palm of his hand.

That man was John Bidwell. Pausing for a drink of water from a nameless stream in Northern California between the years of 1841 and 1844, he thrust his tin dipper deep into the creek. He brought it up to his lips only to discover that it was half filled with black sand that glittered brightly with yellow dust. He poured off the water and was about to toss the *gold concentrate* back into the stream.

With him at the moment was Pedro Gutierrez, a Mexican sheepherder. His quick eyes had detected the glittering mass in Bidwell's dipper. The black particles of sand—iron—held the yellow grains of gold like a magnet. He was almost certain gold lay in the bottom of Bidwell's dipper, but to make sure he suggested using a batea for separating the two minerals by washing.

Bidwell, ignorant of the Spanish language, and the Mexican speaking little or no English, failed to communicate on the meaning of the word batea. Besides, Bidwell had little faith in gold. He was hunting for a homestead site in what is today Butte County. Moreover, he had no idea gold came as a concentrate in black sand.

Bidwell had visions of costly machinery which he could ill-afford at the time. Ignorant of the fact that possibly great wealth lay under his feet, he tossed the contents of his dipper back into the water and dismissed the subject. It was not until years later, after Marshall's discovery at Coloma, that Bidwell learned that an ordinary tin wash basin was a kind of batea or bowl used when his Mexican companion mined in Mexico.

The typical gold pan or batea came quickly into use by the gold seekers along a thousand streams in 1849. John Bidwell had missed the fame of being the first Caucasian, at least, to discover gold in California by failing to follow through and reporting his find.

But by the same token, John Bidwell escaped the heartaches, the tragedies and the bitterness that followed James Marshall to his grave, as the result of his world-shaking discovery.

John Bidwell, as a young man, yearned for little else out of life than a productive farm in Missouri. At heart he was a sodbuster, an agriculturist. So eager was he to own and work a large plot of soil he could call his own, he made a down-payment on a tract covered with buffalo grass while still under the age of legal ownership. Needless to say he toiled from dawn until dark clearing the land, removing the wire-like buffalo stubble, working the soil with team and plow until he was sure it would produce desirable crops.

He was still under his majority when the fruits of his labor were stolen from under him by Missouri land sharpies who had learned of his age, but who also sat back and waited like buzzards, for him to prove his land. Then they moved in.

Young Bidwell was forced off his farm, lock, stock and barrel. That was in early 1841. Easterners even at that time had covetous eyes on the rich farmlands to the westward. In May, 1841, the famous Bartleson Party was ready at Independence, Missouri, to head west. Bidwell, stunned by his loss, decided to join up.

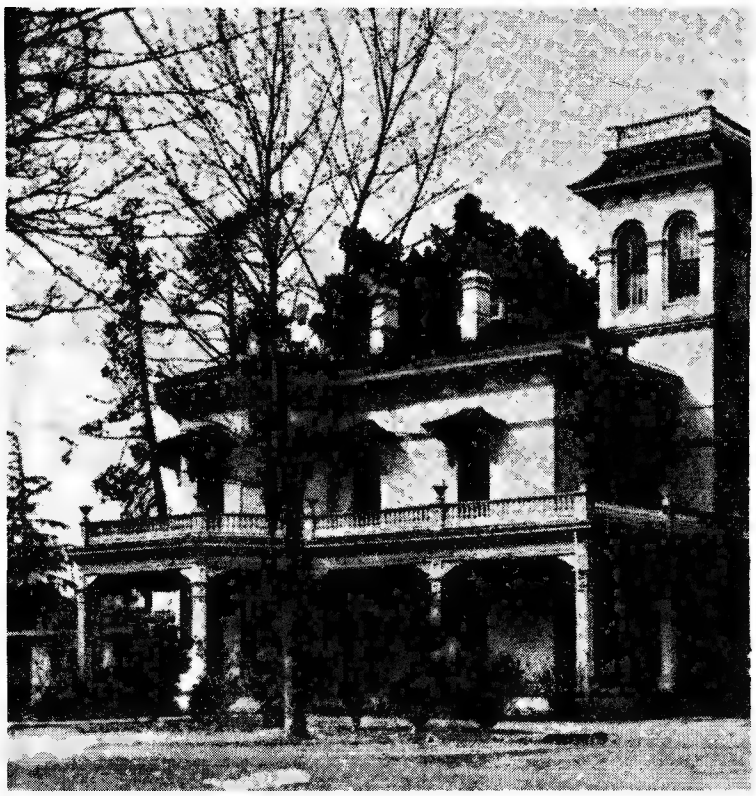
Somewhere out in the vast regions in the direction of the setting sun he

PHOTOS COURTESY OF CALIFORNIA STATE LIBRARY

would try again to carve out the life he desired. And he was to do just that—in far greater proportions than his wildest dreams ever summoned up.

At that early date California was not much more than a romantic name. It was, to many, a legend created by explorers, trappers and intrepid traders. Plainsmen and mountain men like Davey Crocket, Jeb Smith, Jim Beckwourth, Jim Bridger, Kit Carson had crossed the Rockies and then the Sierra Nevadas to return with salty tales concerning the land bordering on the Pacific Ocean. There, they claimed, golden corn grew twenty feet high. Cabbages grew as large as bushel baskets. Giant trees obscured the skies in some places, their trunks so huge that a freight wagon with eight-up in the traces could stand on one lying down, with room to spare.

They claimed that cattle could stand in one spot ten feet square and grow fat in the lush grass that never stopped growing. There was so much game and wild fowl to be had, they said, that one needed only to step outside his front door to shoot sufficient fresh meat to last a month!



The enormous Bidwell Mansion built from his gold earnings for his lovely bride, the beautiful Annie Ellicot Kennedy.

Bidwell was intrigued and fascinated by it all. For him it was "California Or Bust." For the benefit of his friends, he kept a diary or journal of his trip west. It is today one of the most thrilling and precious documents in the Bancroft Library at Berkeley.

Young Bidwell developed into one of the most progressive personalities to reach the territory in the days of old before the era of gold. The journey was not without its privations, however. Long before he reached that paradise of game and easy living, he many times was forced to dine on *Missouri elk*, and became aware that tough *mule* meat can be gourmet food to a starving man.

The Bartleson-Bidwell train was comprised of two sections or units. Oregon was the goal of one, California the other. All held the same uppermost craving, to reach the lands of plenty, and Oregon, as well as California, had it. There, in Oregon and the Northwest, the Astor fortune was founded in the fur trade. The mighty Columbia River was rich in fur, timber and fabulous farm bottomlands. It had ample other resources, as did California to the south. John Bidwell had his sights set on California and he made no mistake.

Bidwell, young and strong as he was, fought almost every inch of the way against hardships. Violent storms on the endless prairies, floods, furious Indian attacks, hunger, exhaustion, thirst, all combined to make the trek to California something to conjure with.

When buffalo drifted beyond range, the emigrants ate their spare mules, often called Missouri Elk. Unlike the Donner Party, however, there is no reference that the Bartleson—Bidwell group ever indulged in cannibalism.

The two units of the wagon train separated at Fort Hall. Almost half the contingent headed northwest toward Oregon; the remainder, including Bidwell, struck out along Indian and trapper trails from Bear Lake, Utah, around the Great Salt Lake, across Nevada and into the High Sierras.

An Indian guide had been chosen by Bartleson to pilot the train on to California. He proved to be a treacherous villian who almost led the group into a natural mountain trap to perish.

"A rifle ball laid him dead in his tracks," Bidwell wrote. Indications are that Bidwell himself may have been the executioner, although the journal does not substantiate it. One thing sure, the emigrants found themselves in extremely desperate straits. Some of the settlers, including one James Johns, deserted. This left the group short-manned. Wagons were abandoned as the others teamed up to tighten the ranks. The resourcefulness of John Bidwell brought the train through to the ranching domain of John Marsh at the foot of Mount Diablo.

There was little or no hospitality in the miserly Marsh, Bidwell notes in his journal. His ranch house was nothing but a doorless hovel.

"He is perhaps the meanest man in California," Bidwell recorded. "He charged more than one hundred dollars for the meat of a single hog and an old, anemic bullock. He pretended to be a physician and charged twenty-five dollars for two doses of salts. In addition the husband of an ailing woman was forced to pay him, on a promissory note, fifty cows he did not then possess."

Whether he paid or not in cows is not known. Bidwell departed from the Marsh rancho and found his way to Sutter's Fort. John Sutter had just completed negotiations for the purchase of Fort Ross, a Russian outpost at Bodega Bay. He hired Bidwell to dismantle the fort and transfer the materials salvaged to Sutter's Fort.

Bidwell's work in handling the Russian job was so exact, that Sutter requisitioned him to embark on a detailed exploration of the Sacramento Valley, a task the Missouri sodbuster yearned to perform. He still harbored a great love for the soil and wished to find a suitable location for a farm. The Sacramento Valley held many great potentials for his ambitions, but his assignment came first. Besides, he needed the money Sutter was paying him. He would have much use for it when the proper moment came for him to settle.

His explorations were thorough and he named many of the streams which flow through the verdant valley, at that time in great oak forests inhabited by grizzly bears, elk, deer, antelope and many tribes of primitive Indians. It was during this exploration that Bidwell had his first experience with raw gold.

California history would have been rewritten had he pursued his discovery to the ultimate end. The uppermost thing occupying his mind was the

success of his venture, locating a farm site and preparing for the moment he would become its owner. He methodically explored the Valley from the Calaveras grove of Big Trees to Red Bluff, a thriving city today, which he named.

He became Captain Sutter's right hand man following his return to the fort. Needless to say that he prospered. He suffered no lack of ambition and was most thorough in everything to which Sutter assigned him. He knew how to handle men and his personality won him many undying friendships. Sutter was among those who wished to see California become a part of the United States. Bidwell participated in the campaigns and became identified with the militia, becoming a general.

Finally the opportunity to become a great land owner presented itself to him, in the late 1840's. A huge 25,000 acre Spanish land grant had been bestowed upon Edward A. Farwell and William Dickey by the Mexican government. It was known as the Rancho Arroyo Chico, carved out of a vast section of what is today Butte County, some ninety miles north of Sacramento. It was exactly what Bidwell had in mind, although somewhat on a larger scale. His explorations of the area revealed some of the finest bottomland in California, rich timber stands, an everlasting water supply. He purchased the rancho, having learned all he could about California farming and agriculture on Sutter's famous Hock Farm.

In 1847 Bidwell learned that the cost of setting out five hundred varieties of fruit trees was somewhat beyond his means. Besides, there were seeds, sprouts, cuttings and shoots to be imported from all over the world to make his rancho a complete success. With the help of Mechoopda Indian labor, he set out the first California raisin seedlings. Thus, he became known as the father of the California raisin industry.

That Bidwell was doing all right with his produce is established by the fact that he soon had his embryo trees planted. His extensive truck gardens covered some 1800 acres. Around him sprang up the city of Chico and other tremendous ranches such as Sam Neal's Rancho Esquon of 24,000 acres. Neal, a lieutenant of John C. Fremont, was one of the few survivors of an abortive attempt by a Fremont expedition to cross the Sierra Nevadas in the dead of winter. They encountered drifts so deep as to founder their horses. The cold was so great that most of the crew froze to death or suffered crippling frost-bite. Neal was one of the latter. He lost some of his fingers and toes, but made it to the Sacramento Valley where he acquired the Esquon Land Grant.

Then came the electrifying news of Jim Marshall's discovery of gold at Coloma. Bidwell had never completely forgotten the black sand incident, nor had he pursued his discovery further. Now, the discovery of gold by Marshall set him thinking deeply. If there was gold at Coloma there ought to be gold right in his own back yard.

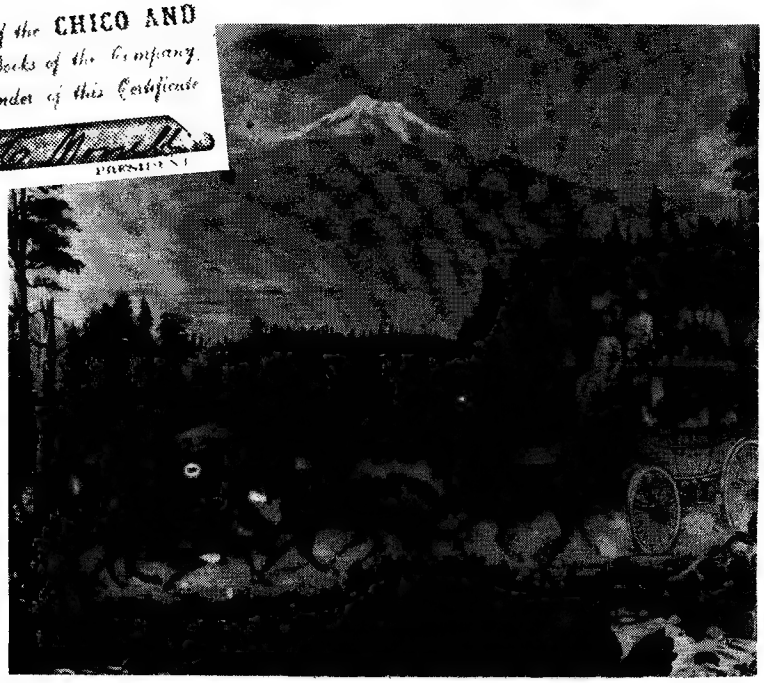
There was—untold millions of it. At first Bidwell's suggestions that gold lay in the northern California streams was laughed at. But Bidwell was not the kind of man to discourage easily. Now he knew what batea meant. A common tin wash basin from the Chico hardware store would do just as well as a wooden bowl. He cleaned out the stock available. Loungers thought he was out of his mind. But Bidwell knew what he was doing.

He hired a gang of Mechoopdas, then with a *rancheria* on his property, and took them over to the Feather River, a dozen miles away.

"You can employ any number of Indians," Bidwell wrote. "by giving them a lump of beef every week and paying them about one dollar for the same time."

The fact is, he was already supporting the Mechoopdas on his land. He had taken them off a grasshopper ration and fed them from his own growing herds in return for their dubious work as cow hands, herders and drovers. The squaws worked the produce gardens with stone hoes.

Now he intended using the strongest of the young bucks for the hardest kind of work, prospecting for gold. He gave each of his crew a tin wash basin and instructed them how to use it. They went to work on the Feather River which came charging down out of the perpendicular Sierras in a lacey, feathery stream. Starting just above present day Oroville they prospected up



Transportation was one of Bidwell's many enterprises that helped to develope California. A stock certificate of his company.

Bidwell's stage line over the Humboldt wagon road to Idaho. (Courtesy of Wells Fargo).

stream. They struck *color* almost immediately. But it was at what was later to become known as Bidwell Bar that the erstwhile sodbuster of Missouri struck it rich.

The Mechoopdas proved to be excellent workers at the hard labor of gold mining. Their pans came up with chunks of yellow gold so pure as to startle anyone who witnessed them. The news was not slow in reaching the outside.

Within a week Bidwell Bar was born. The ragtag town on the bank of the Feather grew from Bidwell and his dozen Mechoopdas to a thriving community of over five thousand gold hungry men almost over night. Down stream Ophir City was spawned by another discovery. Then it was found that the entire Feather River bottom was spread with gold "like fresh-churned butter." Towns sprang up along the river like beads on a string.

When the alluvial gravel deposits petered out in one location, the miners simply moved to another and set up their rockers and long toms. Chinese coolies, fresh from the ships of China, swarmed in to work the tailings left by their white predecessors. It is claimed they could pan out gold dust where a white man thought none existed.

Just how much gold John Bidwell and his Indians hardscrabbled from Bidwell Bar and surrounding claims is controversial even today. Some estimates range as high as $12,000,000. Others say his total was $5,000,000. Considering the fact that Butte Creek alone, running through the Bidwell property, later produced $64,000,000. from its prehistoric stream beds, the highest estimate of his take seems the most likely. The channel as it was, and is today, has not been widely mined.

Whatever the amount was, it was sufficient to establish the former plow jockey as a very wealthy man indeed. And in less than a decade! While Sam Neal was content to raise fine horses and prime cattle, and freight supplies to the miners far back in the Sierras, John Bidwell expanded and developed the city of Chico, adding to his already great fortune.

And while Sam Neal remained single, John Bidwell fell in love with Annie Ellicott Kennedy of Washington D.C. during one of his infrequent treks back east. His first thought was to build a mansion suitable for her station in life on his Chico Rancho. The sky was the limit for his bride. The famous Bidwell mansion, three years to build, stands today on the campus of Chico State College. It is an official California state monument, preserved and maintained for all to visit and browse in its many spacious rooms and halls, crammed with a wealth of Bidwell personal belongings.

So famous and respected did John Bidwell become, from a tiller of the soil to a financial tycoon and wizard, that among his guests were such personages no less than President Rutherford B. Hayes and General William Tecumseh Sherman. Wealth and fame would have been Bidwell's lot much earlier, had he considered the significance of his dipper of black sand. At the time, however, he thought he would have to purchase a batea in Mexico, the only place the Mexican declared it was available. Bidwell must have turned over many times in his sleep dreaming about the incident in later years.

RED CROSS
IS ALWAYS THERE
WITH YOUR HELP

But why hadn't the Mexican companion of Bidwell broken the news of his gold discovery? And if the batea was such a common tool in gold recovery, why had he not returned to the location of the strike and work the black sand for its riches?

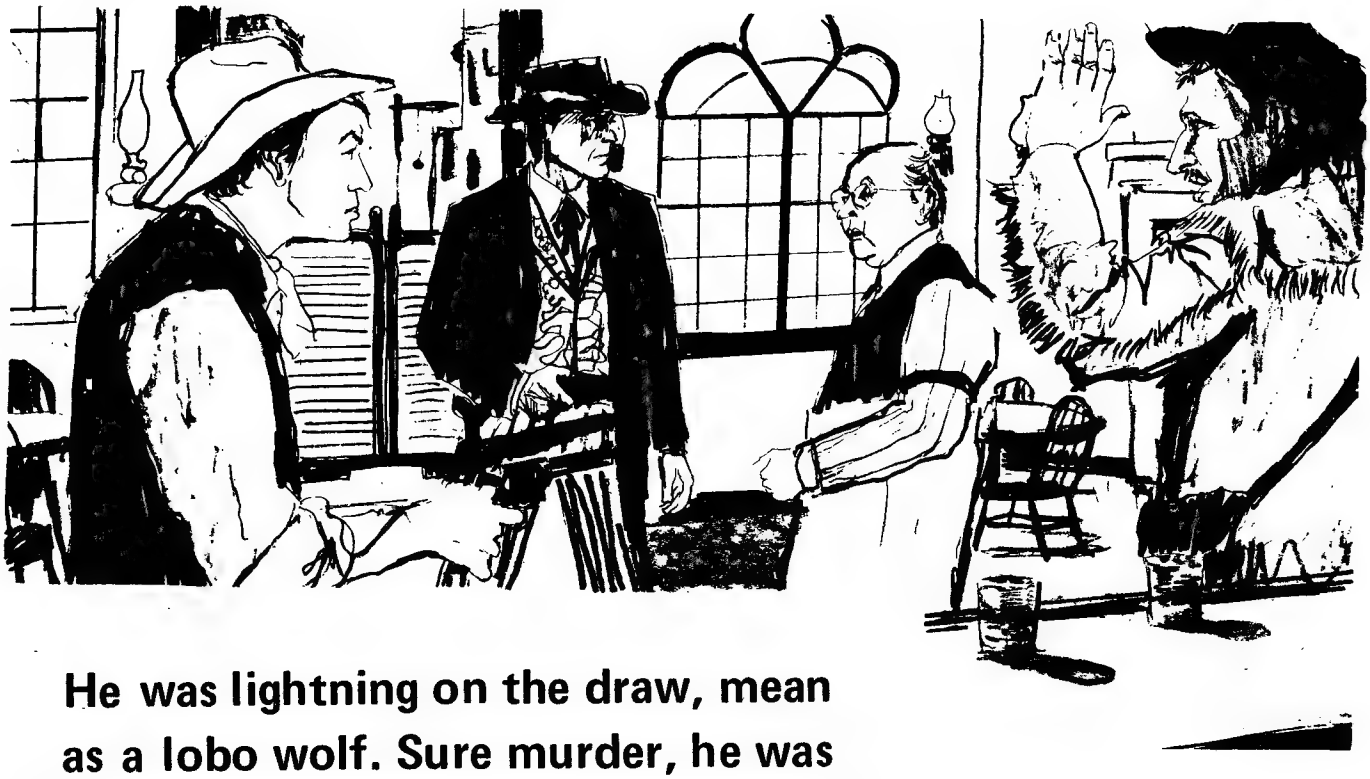
If Bidwell knew the answer, it is evidently not recorded in his journal. A series of California revolutions exploded at about the time of the discovery. Bidwell became a very busy man for awhile, backing the aims of Manuel Micheltorena to become Governor. Then he became involved in the final choice of a farm and spent his every waking moment concluding the purchase of the Rancho Arroyo Chico. Then followed the excitement of building his huge mansion for his bride. He had little time to spend learning the destiny of any one man. And it was not until later that the Mexican's fate became generally know, at least to those who knew him.

Bidwell permitted no grass, or even roots, to grow on his feet. He launched into various business ventures, the details of which were recently discovered in an old trunk found in the attic of a Chico residence. He organized the Chico and Humboldt Wagon Road Company. This was a very extensive freighting enterprise hauling passengers and supplies eastward over the old Peter Lassen Trail into Idaho, Nevada and points beyond. Stock certificates were discovered in the trunk. along with other important documents. A stage coach line followed to Idaho City and the fare was $66.00 one way. Bidwell included a lumber industry in his expanding portfolios of enterprises. Then a winery and an olive oil producing plant. There seemed no end to his expansion.

He never forgot the help of his Mechoopda Indians, however. It is certain that they received their 'chunk

After the gold rush, Bidwell employed hundreds of out-of-work Chinese prospectors to build rock fences on his land. (Courtesy Lassen Savings and Loan, Chico).

(Continued on page 62)



He was lightning on the draw, mean as a lobo wolf. Sure murder, he was — except to one tinhorn gambler.

The Two Deaths of Billy The Kid

by JAMES HINES

IT AIN'T no disgrace to be mistaken. Hell, I've been wrong plenty of times. It's only human to go wandering off on the wrong trail. Trouble is, most of us are too danged hard-headed to give in when we're shown we're wrong.

Me? I used to be that way myself. It took me a killing to convince me that I couldn't always be right.

The season before it happened, I'd been punching cattle down in Lincoln County, New Mexico. No, I never worked for Uncle John Chisum of the Jingle Bob, and I wasn't in no way mixed up in the Lincoln County Cattle War. However, I did know most of them that was: Fred Wayte and Hendry Brown, to name just two.

Hendry wasn't such a bad fellow as he's been painted, though I'll have to say he sure could go on the prod mighty sudden-like and I don't think he was scared of anything or anybody.

I know he went up North and got himself strung up while he and Ben Wheeler were trying to rob a bank in Medicine Lodge, Kansas. But I never held that against Hendry. I always kind of liked him. He was a mighty good man to side a fellow in a ruckus.

Yeah, I knowed Billy Bonny too; though not as well as I did Hendry Brown. Just sort of speaking acquaintance, I guess you'd call it. Most folks called him Billy the Kid.

Billy was a kind of leader in the Lincoln County trouble and was as pizen as a sidewinder. At that time he was about twenty, I guess. A button almost, but he already had more than a dozen notches on his gun.

He was about five-feet-nine in high-heeled boots and wouldn't have weighed more than 145 pounds wringing wet. He was chain-lightning in getting his gun into action, though, and being left-handed he kind of had an edge on his opponent. To a body that didn't know him, he would have that left-handed gun out and into action before they sensed that he was left-handed.

Me? I always figured Billy, in spite of him being only a button, was a mighty good man to let alone.

He wasn't such a bad-looking boy and was generally good-natured. His face was maybe a bit too thin and peaked and his upper front teeth stuck out a little, causing some folks to say he was buck-toothed. It did spoil his looks a bit, but not much. His buck teeth weren't noticed unless he grinned. Then he sort of reminded a body of a lobo wolf.

Billy was killed by Sheriff Pat Garrett after I'd left New Mexico. Some say that Garrett killed the Kid at the old Pete Maxwell place about midnight on July 14, 1881, but I didn't hear of it until several months later. That's how come I was mistaken, and it took a killing to show me I was wrong.

After I forked my bronc and headed North, in August, 1880, I finally landed in a little mining camp in Colorado. Wouldn't do you no good to tell you the name of the town, because I don't reckon you'd know where it was located anway. It's not important anyhow, and I'd just as soon not locate myself too definite about that time. The law has mighty long arms. I ain't as young now as I used to be but I still love to be out in the sun and look up and see the stars and moon at night.

It was about May '81 when this

killing I'm telling you about took place. There was a bunch of us in Tom Hickey's Saloon. I sure don't think I'll ever forget that day because of one most unusual circumstance, something that had never happened in that mining camp since Bige Teeken had first struck paydirt six years before — and that was Tonto Pete had just bought a second round of drinks. Pete could drink oftener and buy less frequent than any hombre I ever knowed. Yes, sir, he was the champion moocher and barfly of all time.

Like I say, Pete had just bought and I had throwed my drink of Hickey's best tarantula juice down my gullet and was wiping my mouth with the back of my hand when *bang!*—just like that she happened—the batwing doors of Hickey's place crashed open like they'd been charged headfirst by a locoed steer. And there he stood framed in them swinging doors like one of these pictures you see drawed on the covers of Western books.

The fellow was on the dodge, or at least he had the appearance of being about a half day's ride ahead of a posse. Anyway, I figured he wasn't in no way craving to make any unnecessary acquaintances.

I knew at once that I'd seen the jasper somewheres before. I tried to recollect just where it was, but my mind wouldn't hit a-tall. Maybe that last drink of Hickey's tiger sweat had sort of dimmed my thinking machine. At any rate, this ranahan sure looked familiar. I just knowed that I'd seen him somewheres before.

There wasn't nothing special about him that would've made him stand out from any other cowpoke, except he wasn't no bigger or older than a button and a-couldn't been no more than twenty. He didn't even have any whiskers on his face.

I would've placed him as being about five-feet-nine and not carrying much beef, probably weighing somewheres around a hundred and forty. He was dressed just like any other cowpuncher, in faded Levi's with the legs stuffed in the tops of his peewee boots, a blue flannel shirt, open at the neck, a red bandanna knotted around his neck, and a wide-brimmed high-crowned cream-colored sombrero shoved back on his head.

When that wild-looking maverick barged through the batwings he side-stepped to let them swing to behind him. Then he snatched a gun from each holster and, a-holding them about belly high he had that bunch of barflys and stove-up miners covered complete.

"Steady now, gents!" he snarled. "Don't anybody stampede or try to slap leather." He grinned. "Nobody's going to get plugged unless he gets loco and starts to rear-up. This ain't no holdup." He let his eyes roam over the crowd. "I'm just a-looking for a friend." He looked around a bit more. "And seeing as how he ain't here—" He grinned again and holstered his hoglegs. "You gents can lower your dewclaws now. Hope you all will excuse me for the inconvenience I've caused and will jine me in a drink. No hard feelings."

The muzzle of them two hoglegs he had had us covered with looked like the biggest of any I'd ever seen, and in my time I've had quite a few of them pointed right smackdab at my belly.

As he stood there a-covering the crowd, he looked meaner than a hydrophobia skunk. I sure wasn't a-going to encourage him one little bit to start any leadslinging. The way he had brung out that word *friend*, which he said he was looking for, told me danged pronto that it wasn't no such thing. He wasn't a-craving to meet any friend. He looked kind of disappointed too as he slid his guns back into their holsters and invited us to likker up.

The more I looked at that young ranahan the more sure I was that I'd seen him somewheres along the trail. But to save my life, I couldn't seem to recollect where it was. I don't suppose I was any more scared than was any of the others in that crowd, though.

When he smiled it wasn't a smile. He kind of drew his lips back, just his upper lip, sorta like a lobo wolf. All at once it come to me. I knowed where it was I'd seen him before — Lincoln County, New Mexico. It was Billy the Kid. I just knowed it was.

But it proved how wrong we can be. After what I heard had happened to Billy, it couldn't have been Billy — or could it?

You know, there's a story going around down in New Mexico that Pat Garrett didn't kill Billy, but instead allowed him to escape over into Old Mexico.

Me? Hell, I don't know. If Billy was killed on July 14, 1881, in Fort Summer by Pat Garrett, then who was it that I seen killed in Colorado three months before? I'll always believe that it was Billy the Kid that I seen killed.

It's sure got me buffaloed. I give up long ago, trying to figure it out. Well, like I was a-saying, after Billy had invited us all up to have another swig of Hickey's snakehead whiskey — if it was Billy; mind you, I'm not a-saying for sure it was — I found myself standing alongside of him.

I always was a kinda friendly cuss and I held out my paw and said, "Name's Broncho Charlie."

"What's that supposed to mean to me? Billy said; then, "You got nose trouble or something?

"Not me," I said, kinda quick-like. "Just wanted to be friendly and I sort of figured you might know me."

Billy grinned that wolf-like grin of his again.

"Well," he drawled, "I don't know you, and I don't want to. I ain't making any new acquaintances — not right now. I've got a job to do first. Maybe later." He picked up his drink and looked square at me. I'm sure he knowed me and I'm positive I knowed him; but, oh, well, I guess I could a-been wrong.

I moved away. I wasn't a-craving no trouble, leastwise with an hombre who could handle a sixgun like Billy the Kid.

After he finished his drink he turned and leaned against the bar; then he hooked one of the heels of his peewee boots over the bar rail and built himself a smoke.

I watched him close. I couldn't figure out why he hadn't cared to recognize me. He flipped a match on his thumb nail and set fire to his roll of tobacco. Yeah, now I'm sure I knowed him; I'd seen him do the same thing many times before. Nobody could build a smoke quite like that, excepting Billy the Kid.

Ben Bunce had started a beat-the-dealer game over in one corner and several of the boys was a-bucking his game. Ben was seated; most of the others were standing a-making their bets.

Billy ambled over. I seen him flip a

five-dollar gold piece onto the table. He won. Ben drawed to fifteen and caught a seven spot and, of course, was over-drawed. Billy had a ten spot a-showing and didn't draw; and when Ben went broke he turned over Billy's down card. It was the four of diamonds. Billy laughed.

Ben paid off and started to deal again.

"Are you a-letting your ten dollars ride?" Ben asked.

Billy looked up towards the ceiling. "I've been warned against this place," he drawled. "People down the trail said it was a peculiar place. Seems it not only has nose trouble but poor eyesight as well."

Ben Bunce let his eyes roll up towards Billy. "Meaning what?" he said quietly.

"You call it," grinned Billy. "Make it mean anything you want it to mean. It's your play."

Billy was sure on the prod, but he had no call to talk nasty like that to Ben who was also a kinda salty hombre himself.

Both men drawed. Somebody must have jostled Billy, for his shot went over Bunce's head; but not Ben's. He made a bull's eye, right between Billy's eyes, and the "King of the Lincoln County Cowboys" fell heavily across the card table.

They buried him the next day.

Now mind you, I'm not a-saying for certain that it was Billy the Kid; but I'd sure like to bet that one time I was right; but everybody else says different.

So maybe I was wrong. I'll always wonder. What do you think, mister?

ZANE GREY AND THE GREAT OUTDOORS

(Continued from Page 28)

riding on horseback over extremely difficult trails.

In 1924 the now famous writer bought a three masted schooner in Nova Scotia, had it completely remodeled to meet his fishing requirements, and set sail for unfished waters. Again he was an explorer of a sort. Ships had visited the Cocos and Galapagos Islands, but no one had ever fished their waters. In some cases he was the first man to wet a line in an entire sea. He caught new fish, and broke many world records for big-game fishing. He even pioneered new fishing methods and equipment.

Grey's insatiable thirst for adventure took him into the most remote areas of the West. He walked across the treacherous floor of Death Valley where the crust quivered and shook beneath his feet.

He experienced the terrible hot winds that swept across the floor at night, and had taken the lives of many in past years. Then while writing *Wanderer of the Wasteland* he crossed it again to make certain that his narrative was true to nature.

With Wetherill he crossed canyons where only natives had ever trod, and one canyon was named for him. Wild Horse Mesa fascinated him to the extent he made several attempts to reach its top. After an unsuccessful trip in 1923, Grey wrote:

"We turned back on the long climb out to the purple sage uplands, and I had to content myself, as I had done for ten years, with scaling Wild Horse Mesa in dreams.

"Perhaps nothing but an airship will ever land on that extreme southern promontory of the mesa. The north end perhaps in time will be accessible. If I ever make a fourth attempt, which will probably grow to be irresistible, I will go in from the north. The chances are favorable for success on another trip."

He never reached the top of the mesa, but today, as he predicted, there are roads leading to its crest.

Perhaps Zane Grey's most oft published adventure occurred on a trip into the Grand Canyon with Buffalo Jones. This one nearly cost him his life.

Returning to camp one day, after the pack of hounds had split on lion trails, Grey came across a fresh lion track. Don, the lion dog whose life he had saved, was with the hunter. Don let out a deep bay, and bounded down a break in the canyon wall. Grey followed, plunging down the rock slides, crashing through the brush and leaping from boulder to boulder until he came to a ledge. He waited. After awhile Don returned to him, the hair on his neck still and bristling. This should have been a warning to Grey, but instead he decided to follow the lion's huge tracks.

Soon he found himself on a narrow ledge and beneath him yawned the hazy abyss of the canyon. The ledge narrowed until at one place Grey had to flatten himself against the wall in order to proceed. Don got in front as if determined to shield him from some imminent danger. Finally they rounded a bulge in the wall and discovered that the ledge ended a few yards farther on. Before them lay the big mountain lion licking a bloody paw.

The lion started toward them, and both Grey and dog began to back along the ledge. Buffalo Jones had warned Grey to never take his eyes from a lion's eyes in close quarters, but Grey forgot the old plainsman's warning and began to try to adjust the lense of his camera. He looked down, and when he did the cat leaped, landing only a few feet from him. He drew his revolver, but his hand trembled until he could not aim properly. Twice he tried to bring the gun to bear on the cats head, but was unable. Then he bumped into the bulge in the wall. He could go no farther. He was trapped.

At his feet Don snarled at the approaching lion, but the beast came on. Finally, using both hands, Grey aimed the pistol between the lion's eyes and fired. Instantly one of the yellow eyes went out. The lion leaped up, beating the wall with heavy, thudding paws. Then he seemed to propel himself out into space—"a tawny spread figure that careened majestically over and over, down—down—down to vanish in the blue depths."

Overcome by the experience, Zane Grey staggered a few steps forward to a wider part of the ledge and collapsed.

Zane Grey became a very rich man. He could afford to go to lonely and exotic places that beckoned to him, and to do the things he wanted to do. He lived dangerous adventure and put it on paper so others could relive the experiences with him. His life was filled with action, and he lived every moment of it to its fullest.

Some of Zane Grey's best writing, his most beautiful prose, is found in his hunting and fishing books. Unhampered by plot and the need for action, he writes of a love for the great outdoors that very few men have ever set down in writing. To him the beautiful Rainbow Bridge and the Grand Canyon were almost living things. He loved the outdoors and he wanted others to see it through his eyes. Perhaps he became so popular because the reader was there with him.

Even in his later years, after he had been stricken with a stroke, he made a trip to Australia to fish. On October 23, 1939, at his home in Altadena, California, Zane Grey went on his last great adventure.

MARYSVALE'S LOST GOLD

(Continued from page 8)

But Karcoff must have been carefully watched for no sooner did he get over the river to return to Durkee Creek than he ran across fresh horse tracks passing upstream.

Every so often he halted to listen for riders coming downstream and heard no sound of them. Short of his camp he crossed the creek and hid the burro. Carrying the rifle, he slipped back, across the creek from his camp. Here the stream was narrow, some banks on each side. Yet nowhere along it from bend to bend could he locate a single man or horse.

Remaining on watch until nearly sundown, he went over the creek warily and read ground sign. Five riders had come in. They had smashed the rocker to kindling wood. Then, to his anger, the cache of gold had been found and carried away.

Horse tracks led downstream to the first break out south and the riders had gone through it. Undoubtedly this had been done to avoid him.

In this sorry situation Karcoff had no one to appeal to for justice. The local law was largely controlled by the powerful mining companies. None of them could care less what happened to a jackass prospector.

He re-established his camp on the creek around the bend from the placer mine. For several days he hid in the rocks upstream. Expecting another raid any time, day or night, there was no chance to build another rocker and start getting out gold again.

The passing of time became monotonous. A meager breakfast was eaten before daylight and then he went back into hiding. Supper, the second meal of the day, was always cooked after black night settled over the creek. Eventually he decided that having robbed his gold cache the hardcase gang, claim jumpers or whatever they were, might not be returning.

Time was consumed making another small rocker and he went back to risk recovering gold a few hours each day.

One late afternoon the clash of iron shod hooves echoed on the wind bearing in his direction. Grabbing his rifle, Karcoff rushed into the rocks.

The sound of riders grew louder and then six men burst around a creek bend into his old camp site. Two of them he was certain had been in the first bunch to jump him but none of the others appeared familiar.

As they closed in towards the new rocker Karcoff opened fire, sending bullets whistling around their heads in an effort to scare them off.

Spotting his position, the riders drew sixguns, opening up on him. Lowering his aim, Karcoff knocked two dead

from their saddles when they started to charge him. Stopping them was necessary or he would be a goner.

Two riders behind the frightened riderless horses collided with them trying to run away. As they did so Karcoff killed both riderless horses and then the two that had emptied saddles in the smashup. Both unhorsed hardcases fled into cover thirty yards away.

The two still mounted retreated beyond effective gun range while this occurred.

While reloading the rifle magazine Karcoff addressed himself to the two on the ground.

"What is the idea of attacking me? Are you rascals the ones who broke up my rocker and stole the little gold I had put away?"

"You'd better give up and die easy!" a hoarse voice yelled back. "Soon as we get our hands on you, you'll be strung to a tree for murder!"

"I killed in self-defense and I'll do so again. But I will allow you to walk down the creek to your friends. You can ride out double."

"Talk ain't going to save you. We got a dozen friends coming this way to look into your business. You wasn't smart enough to leave when told to. Now you ain't got a chance!"

Karcoff laughed. "I've declared open season on thieving outlaws. When you two are finished off I'll go after them cowards down the creek."

He began raking the brush and rocks from which the voice came. But the two there were already moving downstream. The two riders dismounted and ran from cover to cover in order to get closer to him. Their sixguns began blasting away, lead whining into the rocks.

One of the pair retreating downstream came out into the open too soon. Karcoff brought him down wounded. His yell of pain echoed on the wind. Apparently he wasn't critically injured for he came upward and was able to run on to the two saddled horses.

The second one broke cover. Karcoff did not fire on him, preferring to stave off attack long enough to get out of there. The two shooting at him also began retreating, maintaining sporadic fire in order to keep Karcoff off their backs.

Until they began withdrawing Karcoff was in a very desperate situation. Had the entire group charged when the first two did they could have gotten him from saddles, firing down into the rocks.

He stood up, watching the four mounted on two horses pass out of sight down the creek. Safe for the time being, he hurried to get the burros in and pack up.

A terrible holocaust would surely descend on his camp before midnight. Not only would the survivors bring their friends to Durkee Creek bent on revenge but this time also a couple of law officers. They would claim that while riding along peacefully Karcoff bushwhacked them.

In his outfit he had a can of black powder three quarters full. Gouging a deep hole in the cut at base of the cliff, which would be about twelve feet under the wall, he capped and fused it. The fuse was led well out before touched off.

In a hurry now, Karcoff went up the

creek as dusk began giving way to night. He did not get far before a thundering roar smashed on the air. Having used explosives many times he felt satisfied that the placer workings and his old camp had been covered to the creek when the bluff whammed a great slide downward.

Karcoff came out near the headwaters of the creek. He rode pointing towards Marysvale Peak stark against the cloudless starlit night. By daylight he was in the surrounding mountains. After halting only two hours to let the burros graze he went deeper into the mountains.

Finding an ideal hiding place, he subsisted for two months on wild game. With the first threat of snow he drifted south and out of the mountains to Otter Creek, following it to the Seiver and thence to the village of Antimony.

A genial storekeeper swapped him supplies for gold at a fair price. Karcoff went on west, through Utah into Nevada and back into California.

When the gold was sold he wrote to Sylvester twice but never heard from him. For years he wondered if his letters had ever been received.

Karcoff's blast apparently did cover the placer at base of the bluff. To this day no one has found the strike originally made by Sylvester and his companions back in 1868.

There are no old timers living in Marysvale today who ever heard of this lost placer, let alone having the faintest idea where it could be.

But the fact remains, the gold could still be there. Molena Karcoff found it. Who is the next to find it?

RIDER OF THE BIG PAW TRAIL

(Continued from Page 13)

pretty good one and worked right along with the crew. He threw in with Heine for the summer as his side-partner line rider.

Every once in a while he would ask Heine, "Do you ever see any paunches—stomachs—lying around?" At that time Heine did not know he was an FBI man but soon began to suspect he was some kind of a range detective.

Heine told him that he had seen a few.

The man said, "By gollies, I can't find any that are less than two or three days old."

Discovering that they were being watched, Heine told him, "Don't ride the way you did yesterday. Go over my trail."

The man did so and returned that night in some jubilation, having found the offal and hides of three butchered beeves hauled away in a range wagon.

That Friday night after they had eaten supper Heine suggested they go for a little ride. The FBI man had brought in a battered looking car. They started out, Heine being asked where they should go.

On his suggestion they went down to Zortman and returned to the cabin camp via Dodson. Heine had pointed out butcher shops where beef was sold under the counter; black marketed. Early the next day the FBI man suggested they return to those two towns.

They did so and the FBI man called on the meat shops while Heine cooled his heels in a beer parlor, and got all the evidence necessary. Several agents and county officers descended on the towns and a large number of arrests were made. That stopped beefers on the Miller Brothers E Bar Y range.

Having busted out a few wild horses and broncs that crow hopped and wind-milled, Heine Maney decided that maybe he could compete in the rodeos. The arena and roaring crowds at the celebrations held a fascination for cowboys.

He tried his luck rodeoing at Havre, Harlem and Chinook. Heine says, "By the time I got through skinning my nose in the dirt I decided to let others do so," and quit.

Nevertheless, the rodeos held an allure for him. He started calf tying, did fairly well and added wild cow milking to his contests.

Then he went down to a rodeo held at a ranch in Roger's Pass. His calf tying was all right. In all wild cow milking contests there was always slipped in a dry cow just for crowd kicks. It was his hard luck to draw one. Not a drop of milk could he possibly squeeze into the narrow necked bottle given him.

From then on Heine Maney gave up trying to be a rodeo cowboy.

While with the Miller Brothers he had a special horse, raised and trained from a colt. Because it was coal black he named it Black Diamond.

Unusually intelligent, Black Diamond was easily educated into being a roping and cutting horse. He had this gelding for five years, and when he was offered $600 for it he sold the horse. Ever afterwards he regretted doing so.

He says, "I sure did miss that horse."

There was one Christmas spent at ranch headquarters. Word was sent to all the line camps to come in for that day.

The messenger reached a tent camp where Heine had gone to visit. There were ten cowboys in the tent and the weather so far below zero that a fire was kept burning in it all night long. With their heavy coats on the bunch played poker to pass the hours with the howling wind blowing the canvas apart at times.

At dawn one of the older cowboys said, "Boys, this is the first time I ever played poker with my mittens on!"

The bunch had to leave that night in order to reach the headquarters ranch the following morning. Most of them were half frozen on arriving there. But they had a bounteous feed with all the turkey fixings and a present for each cowboy.

Havre and other railroad towns were too far away to reach for recreation when they could get a day or two off from work. They went to a roadhouse at a place called Cleveland on Cow Creek in the Bear Paws.

Two of the harridans in the joint were named Rose—Prairie Rose, who was

from Missouri, and Battleland Rose, who never revealed where she came from. In this place there was a fiddler. The cowboys danced with the girls and patronized the sorry bar.

Because of his experience handling cattle Heine Maney was offered more money by the Havre Livestock Company and went with that outfit for five years.

Cowboys were always hearing stories of big wages and enormous tips from easterners on the "dude" ranches. Finally Heine could not withstand this so when the opportunity came he went to the Cassidy Supper Club near Cody, Wyoming.

Instead of being given a packer and guide's job he was put to work handling cattle for the outfit owning the dude resort. The name was a misnomer in the first place.

Quitting, he returned north, going to work for the Perkins Sheep company at Bynum. The pay was good but rustling supplies for sheepherders was never to a cowboys liking so he drew his time.

Cooks didn't mean much to Heine but he remembers Walter Brown well, whom he calls a sagebrush artist almost as good as Charley Russell. The white canvas on his chuck wagon was painted with range scenes.

One crispy morning Heine got onto a rambunctuous horse and had quite a time before he could line the animal out. That night when he came in for supper, there was a painting of him on the bucking horse adorning the wagon cover.

This was the cook that made an SOB stew different from those of the old range days. Into his concoction went meat scraps, spuds, carrots, rhutabagas, onions, sweetbreads, mountain oysters in the spring, and anything else handy around the wagon.

The last ranch he worked for in that part of Montana had a large number of harmless black Angus bulls. He describes them as being unusually mean and would engage in what amounted to gang brawls. They had to be rocked apart, or roped and dragged away from the fight to prevent fatal injury to each other.

When hunting season came along hunters entering that part of the range

were warned to leave the huge black bulls alone. A few of them never believed the usually gentle tempered Angus bulls were the least dangerous, not until they ran amuck with one.

Two deer hunters in a pickup entered the range through a drift fence gate. Being there, Heine cautioned them about the bulls, not to get out near them.

Not far from the gate on a trail the hunters halted the pickup, got out and started walking around, reconnoitering where they would hunt. Out of nowhere appeared a big black bull. He was on the sting and obviously didn't like men on the ground.

The bull charged, at first in a half hearted way. The hunters picked up rocks and pecked him. This caused the bull to back off and retreat a short distance. They imagined that was the end of the incident. But suddenly the bull came roaring in like a hurricane, so fast the hunters barely made it into the pickup cab.

The bull hit the side of the pickup truck, smashed up into the bed and flattened the cab over the hunters. The bull then wandered off, apparently unhurt.

Cowboying back in the 1920's and 1930's was considered subsequent to the days of the old West. Maybe so, but his region was a holdover where open ranges were in use. A regular chuck wagon went forth on roundups to feed the fifteen to twenty-five riders which included "reps" from other outfits doing the riding.

Branding was done by dragging calves from a held herd close to the fire where the irons were heated. Beef was *driven* to shipping points. A cowboy had to know his trade—riding, roping, branding, castrating calves, tailing up (weak cattle from bogs) and a dozen other things.

Today most of that is gone. Heine got in on the last gasp of the old West. There is much truth in what he says today, that a cowboy is a hay hand and cattle being distributed in pastures according to carrying capacity of the grass, he *walks* them to the corral, no longer driving them. The bovines going to market are hauled in trucks lest a few pounds of tallow be walked off.

As radical changes, including different kinds of and methods of feeding, came into usage, Heine drifted into central western Montana. For the last six years he has been employed at higher wages than he ever received before, by the Lazy AC registered Charloais cattle ranch ten miles west of Augusta.

Winters in a Bear Paws line cabin often caught Maney snowed in so long grub ran out. There wasn't anything to eat except stringy beef. Now all he has to worry about is a sudden storm during calving time, in which case mother cows and off-spring have to be taken inside sheds to protect them from the elements.

It is, he says, an easier, happier life. Maybe so, but there are times when he pines for the old, more free days of open ranges and hell-for-leather punching. But even he admits that the rough methods did not produce beef at the profit amassed by the improved methods of breeding and raising cattle today.

"Why," Heine Maney says with a laugh, "they don't even need herd bulls any more. Cows are artificially inseminated! Some of the old time cowboys that I once rode with would turn over in their graves if they knew that!"

THE APACHE WHO RAVAGED THE WEST

(Continued from Page 17)

killed the inhabitants off or run them out of the country.

Continuing, the party was spied on constantly. Lone riders, in war paint and battle dress watched them from nearby hilltops. The signal smokes increased to profusion.

Along the route they found the bodies of mutilated and dismembered Apache victims and buried them. In one place they came onto three naked bodies hanging upside down to limbs of a pinon tree, their brains boiled out over slow fires.

Considering the high range of mountains ahead Captain Walker shook his head. In there the Apaches could easily trap them in a canyon, some narrow pass or defile.

When the party reached long abandoned Fort McLane he called a halt. There was water and forage for their stock. The wooden buildings were largely intact and offered good defense if attacked.

It was a cold January, 1863. It looked like the party would be unable to get through. It was then that Captain Walker conceived the idea of capturing some Apache chief, holding him as a hostage for their safety through the mountains.

That night an advance unit of California Volunteers under Captain John Shirland rode in. When told of Captain Walker's plan he fell in with it enthusiastically.

The next day the soldiers and the prospectors returned east twenty-four miles to Pinos Altos. Camp was made there during the middle of the afternoon.

Captain Shirland sent one of his scouts, a Mexican-Apache halfbreed with a message to Mangas Colorado that he was there to make a treaty and distribute presents should he be favorable.

Maybe Mangas Colorado was growing senile, or believed the white men simpletons, for the wily desert campaigner fell for the trick. With fifteen of his warriors he approached Pinos Altos the following day.

The Apaches were dressed in pearl

gray buckskins, war leggings—knee high with attached moccasins—combat head gear and carrying arms. They approached as if on a gala occasion.

Mangas Colorado was met just outside the abandoned buildings by the two captains, the halfbreed interpreting. He was informed that they would deal only with him, that they did not want his armed warriors in camp.

With an imperious gesture he sent the warriors back, dismounted and walked into camp with the captains. Right then he was disarmed and informed that he was under arrest.

Double guards were posted all night before the combined party returned to Fort McLane. There they found that Colonel J. R. West had arrived with the main column of California Volunteers.

Told that Captain Walker had Mangas Colorado, intending to use him as a hostage to get the prospecting party across the mountains, Colonel West went to see the prisoner.

Apparently Mangas Colorado had been told the purpose for which he would be used and didn't like it. When questioned through an interpreter by Colonel West he refused to answer, staring fiercely into his face.

He was kept inside the prospector's camp that night, which was next to that of the soldiers. He was not bound for security, and may not have been at the final end. There is no record about this. In the prospectors' camp he did not attempt escape, for the party established their own guards.

In the morning Colonel West made a decision of his own. He went to Captain Walker with a squad of guards and took Mangas Colorado from him.

When protests were raised Colonel West replied gruffly, "The trail west is wide open and the Apaches have been scattered. Troops are on it everywhere and you won't have any Indian trouble getting to California."

For most of that day Mangas Colorado was held prisoner in a tent. The night however was extremely cold with snow and ice on the ground. He was brought out and allowed to roll into his sleeping blanket near a blazing fire.

Two privates, Collyer and Meade, were detailed to guard him. To them Colonel West said, "Men, that old murderer has got away from every soldier command and has left a trail of blood for five hundred miles on the old stage line. I want him alive—or dead—tomorrow morning, do you understand?"

The colonel got his demand. The early part of that cold evening of January 19, 1863 Mangas Colorado was killed by his guards.

There are two versions of what happened. The official army one states that Mangas Colorado leaped to his feet and tried to escape by running whereupon the guards shot him once each with their mini-ball muskets, and then two balls each from their revolvers before bringing him down.

The account as given by Daniel E. Conner, a member of Captain Walker's party is entirely different. He saw it happen.

The civilian guard on one side of the prospectors' camp that night was Conner. He walked his beat from one end to the fire where Mangas Colorado lay, meeting the soldier guard on his beat at that end.

Soon after resuming guard duty Conner discovered that the prisoner guards were acting strangely, quieting down from some kind of mischief when he approached close enough to see them in the high blazing firelight.

Curious, he walked back on his beat into darkness and then quietly returned

to observe whatever was going on. The guards were heating their fixed bayonets in the fire and then jabbing Mangas Colorado in the bare legs and feet.

He would pull lower limbs back, trying to cover them with the blanket. Again the guards heated bayonets and repeated the process. Conner thought they were merely playing pranks and did not protest. The prisoner was in the army's hands and there was an officer in command of the guards.

But the next time he approached the fire Mangas Colorado said to them in Spanish, which the guards did not understand, "I am no child to be playing with."

When he got the hot bayonet treatment once more Mangas Colorado started upward, raising himself on elbows first. The guards leaped to him, one on each side and thrust their bayonets into his torso. This was done several times before each fired his musket. By then Mangas Colorado lay flat, undoubtedly killed almost instantly by the bayonets. The guards drew their revolvers, each one firing twice into the head and body.

By this time the camp was aroused by the shooting. Conner ran back to arouse Captain Walker, informing him that the guards had murdered the prisoner.

Very indignant, Captain Walker hurried to Colonel West at the scene where soldiers were already robbing the body, one having scalped it.

When he protested the cold blooded murder Colonel West cut him short with, "The guards' report that the prisoner attempted escape and had to be shot. That is exactly what happened here!"

This argument between Captain Walker and Colonel West is probably the reason that in the official reports, and there were several, no mention was made of the prospectors at all or that Mangas Colorado was originally their prisoner.

And so there came to an ignominious end the turbulent career of the infamous and bloody Apache Indian Chief Mangas Colorado—tortured and murdered as he had mercilessly murdered and horribly tortured hundreds of whites; among them innocent and helpless woman and children.

GOLD! GOLD IN CALIFORNIA!

(Continued from page 54)

of beef' each week. And much more. The *Rancheria* he established for them remains today within the environs of the city of Chico, crowded in, to be sure. But he took excellent care of the humble people who helped him reap his rich harvests from the feather River and from his extensive farmlands. He set aside the rancheria exclusively for them. His wife, the beloved Annie, made sure that they had everything an Indian, at that time, would want.

From the tower of the mansion it was the sharp eyes of the Mechoopdas who could spot a movement miles away across the plains or up in the Sierra foothills, telling of a friendly arrival or a possible attack by roving bands of blood thirsty Modocs. From the tower the great herds, spreading out for miles on the Rancho, could be observed.

Beware to the rustler who dared to touch the Bidwell herds! The Mechoopdas were provided with fine horses well able to outrun anything a common cattle thief could command. The Bidwells loved blooded equine stock as much as the Indians enjoyed riding them.

Today the names of the General and Annie Bidwell are revered in the upper Sacramento Valley. The beautiful Bidwell Park of twenty five hundred acres donated to the City of Chico by Annie will remain forever as a monument to their memories.

And what became of Pedro Gutierrez, the Mexican companion of Bidwell when he discovered what many believe to be the first gold found in California? He was waylaid by the enemies of General Bidwell and Manuel Micheltorina. His grave is claimed by some historians to be at Hamilton, on the

Sacramento River, near that of California's first and only President, William B. Ide, of the California Republic. Vandals have recently stolen the bronze plaque from Ide's rough stone monument along Highway 45. Grazing cattle and heavy farm equipment have obliterated most all traces of the Mexican's resting place.

In the Next Issue—

THE DUST OF THE GOLDEN DEATH

Another Amazing True Fact Article

by MAURICE KILDARE

"What am I doing here?" the grizzled miner said. "Now, you can see by my three jacks and equipment that I'm looking for gold, and all I know is, gold is where you find it. And I'm told this place had a lot of it once, and may still have lots of it." Yes, there was gold in the Delamar smelter, plenty of it. But there was one drawback to getting it out of the earth—no one lived long enough to be able to spend it! For the original highgraders were reluctant to give it up. . .You may even want to go look for it yourself.

THE CHASE

All trails are dark and you may never come back, when you're hunting the most dangerous quarry of all—man!

by R. C. BURKHOLDER

BLACK ELK slid off his pony to study the confusion of tracks in the sandy bottom of the draw. Bent nearly double, the Crow warrior stalked back and forth across the bottom, occasionally reaching down to push a clump of grass out of the way for a better look.

The tracks were those of three horses and one lone man. Of particular interest to the warrior was the fact that the horses were small-footed, spirited animals which, from the sign, were well worth his attention. The reputation of the Absaroka—the Crow—as the most expert horse thieves on the plains or in the mountains was a valid one and this particular Crow warrior was an expert among experts.

Black Elk mounted his pony, rode to the top of a low ridge bordering the draw, and scanned the sagebrush-covered hills to the east. He could see no sign of the rider and horses as far as the river. He looked to the north where, in the distance, he could see the pastel-green strip of cottonwood trees and willows along what the Crow called Home of the Beaver creek. There was no sign of life in that direction.

Black Elk turned his pony and rode down into the draw where he had first found the tracks and soon picked up the trail of the three horses, in single file, leading toward the east and the river.

Black Elk kicked his pony into a mile-eating lope. When the tracks suddenly turned north, the Crow wheeled his pinto and followed at a full gallop.

In less than a mile, Black Elk noticed an important difference in the rider's actions. He was no longer simply riding cross-country. Now he was keeping to the bottoms and avoiding the ridge tops. The Crow made his most important discovery in a shallow draw where the rider had tied up his horses, crept to the brow of the hill. Lying on his stomach below the skyline, he had obviously watched his back trail. From the sign, Black Elk knew that the rider had been alerted.

"Now," the Crow thought to himself, "we will see if this stranger is worthy of the chase."

Black Elk abandoned the trail and, instead of following it directly, rode east for several miles before turning north. He, too, shunned the higher ground, keeping to the bottoms until he reached the creek. He had not found tracks on his loop to the north, which could only mean that the rider was still to the west of him, upstream, or had ridden and led his horses down the creek before he, Black Elk, reached it.

The Crow rode his pony into the shallow water and carefully studied the bed and both banks of the creek. He could find no sign to show that three horses had gone down the creek. Black Elk rode upstream and soon found the sign he was looking for; a freshly-broken twig and a clump of grass floating down the creek. Something was moving upstream ahead of him.

Black Elk left the water, climbed the north bank, and rode upstream. He found the trail of the three horses where they had left the creek and turned west, upstream. Keeping to the protection of the willows, he followed within sight of the tracks to be sure that the rider did not recross the creek and slip downstream.

The creek bottom suddenly opened up into a sedge-covered valley. The creek, beaded with sparkling-blue beaver ponds, meandered through the open, meadow-like valley. Black Elk pulled his pony to a stop in the cover of a thick stand of cottonwoods on the edge of the exposed valley. His eyes swept the open basin and the brush-covered slopes on both sides of the creek, searching for some sign of life—a beaver, a jay, a squirrel. There was none.

When he was well out of sight of the meadow, Black Elk turned north and switch-backed his way to the top of the ridge. He turned west and rode along the ridge, stopping now and then to examine the terrain ahead. And then he found it, proof that the man he was stalking was not going to be as easily run down and slain as a buffalo cow.

Black Elk found the place where the rider had tied up his horses on the far side of the ridge, then laid in ambush on the ridge immediately above the open meadow. From the man's recently vacated hiding place on a brush-covered rocky ledge, the Crow could look down on the cottonwood trees in which he, Black Elk, had stopped, turned, and rode back down the stream. This man, this stranger, could be a challenge to the Crow's lifetime of training in war and the hunt. Black Elk turned his bronzed face into the breeze flowing down the ridge. He drummed his moccasined heels into his pony's flanks and rode west along the ridge.

The rider, after leaving his ambush, had returned to his horses, mounted, and rode to the west along the top of the ridge. Several times, apparently by plan, he had plunged down the slope on one side of the ridge or the other through heavy brush and thick timber only to ride back to the ridge top where he galloped away to the west. Finally, he turned off to the north into a heavily-timbered basin.

Black Elk found the tracks leading down from the ridge into a thick stand of lodgepole pine which spread for several miles across the basin. The Crow made no attempt to follow the tracks, knowing that he would be at the mercy of this enemy if he were foolish enough to follow him into the jungle of standing and down timber. Black Elk turned his pony and rode up the ridge, then rode hard and fast around the upper reaches of the basin.

He had ridden almost all the way around the ridge above the basin without finding any sign of the rider and his horses when his pony snorted and shied at something ahead. Black Elk slid to a halt, cocked his rifle, and waited. He heard the familiar sound of a large hoofed animal in the timber below and ahead of him.

A cow elk trotted out of the brush, hesitated for a moment at the narrow clearing on the ridge top, and then trotted across the ridge and disappeared into the timber on the other side. Black Elk waited, motionless except for his long, black hair blowing in the breeze which swept up the ridge into his expressionless face. A second, then a third, cow followed the first into the timbered basin. And still Black Elk waited.

His keen eyes finally spotted what he was looking for and hoping to see, a large bull elk. Black Elk relaxed when the bull raised his head, lowered his huge set of antlers back along his shoulders, and charged across the ridge into the timbered basin after the cows. It was safe here, Black Elk knew, because the wapiti had told him so.

The Crow continued his ride around the basin and picked up the tracks of the three horses on the far side where they had left the timber, climbed the ridge, and turned east. Black Elk found something else on the ridge above a rock-covered talus slope which fell off to the north to a small creek—strips of rawhide scattered on the ground where the rider had tied up his horses. Black Elk knew at a glance that the man had wrapped and tied rawhide around the hoofs of his horses to make tracking difficult, if not impossible.

Black Elk scowled as he read the sign. It would take time, too much time, to trail the horses. He mounted his pony and rode down the ridge.

There was no sign of the rider and horses in the creek bottom. He must be upstream, Black Elk reasoned, unless—

The Crow kicked his lathered pony up the slope on the north side of the creek. The pony lunged through the brush, struggling for his footing on the steep sidehill, and fought his way up to the top of the ridge. And there were the tracks! The tracks of three horses, traveling fast, heading east along the ridge. This enemy had the cunning of the coyote! He had slipped down to the creek, using the rock slope to hide his route, and immediately climbed the ridge on the far side where he turned east toward the river at a gallop. He had expected the Crow to waste time, just enough time, searching out the trail along the creek which would allow him to slip away to the east on the ridge above.

Black Elk followed the trail along the ridge on a full run. He stopped for only a moment when he found where the rider had left the ridge and turned south, back toward the creek. The Crow kicked his pony into a gallop along the ridge, heading east and toward the river. When he reached the river, he turned south toward the mouth of the creek where he felt certain he would intercept the rider.

The water was still murky where the rider and his horses had crossed the creek just above the point where it emptied into the river. The trail across the creek was so fresh that the muddy water was still flowing out of the tracks across the bottom. Black Elk, rifle in hand, jumped off his heaving pony and slipped into the willows bordering the creek. He froze motionless and listened. Across the creek, out of sight around a bend, he heard the crackle of brush and the snorting of horses. The Crow, rifle at the ready, stepped out into the shallow water of the creek.

Black Elk heard an unexpected sound and, reacting with trained instinct, twisted aside. But it was too late! He staggered back under the impact of an arrow which thwacked into his chest. The Crow's eyes widened with shock and surprise as he stared down at the feathered shaft. Shoshone? Arikara? Black Elk's knees buckled under him. He stumbled and fell, his body half in and half out of the water. Sioux? Arapaho? The Crow rolled over on his back, staring up at blood-red willow branches waving against a flaming sky. A rumble like never-ending thunder reverberated in his ears.

Black Elk did not see the Sioux warrior splashing across the creek toward him. He did not hear the sharp trill of the Sioux war cry. He did not feel the blow of the Sioux war club which crashed down between his glazed, staring eyes. . .The chase was over.

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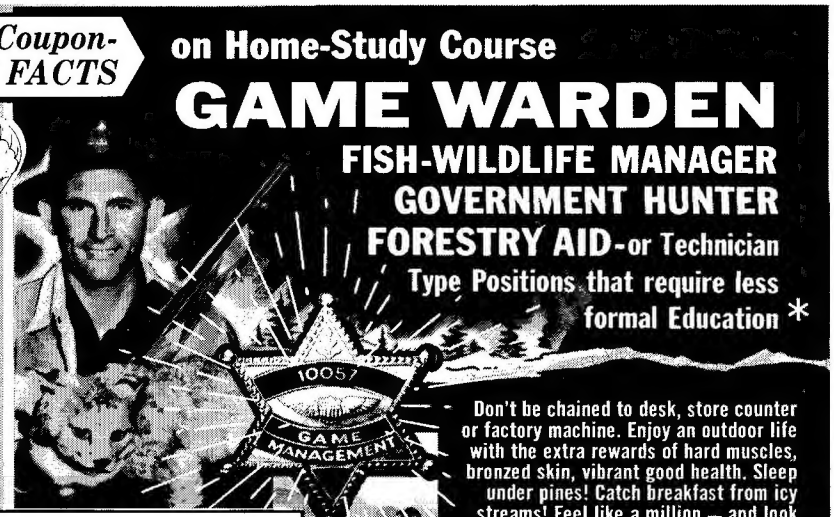

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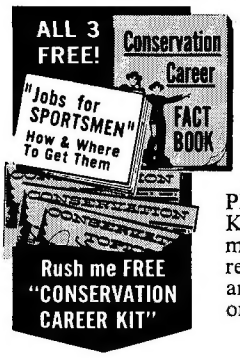

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